

The Enterprise.

VOL. 4.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

NO. 42.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
10:49 P. M. Daily.
12:17 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
5:02 P. M. Sunday only.
SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:08 A. M. Sunday only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sunday Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves..... 7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves..... 8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves..... 8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station..... 4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station..... 5:12 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City..... 8:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City..... 6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from 8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry..... 11:25 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry..... 11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry..... 12:00 M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at..... 11:25 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at..... 12:05 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at..... 12:32 A. M.
NOTE
9:52 P. M. from 30th St. goes to Ocean View only
10:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only
11:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only

PARK LINE

Last car from 15th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park..... 11:27 P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 15th and Guerrero..... 11:50 P. M.

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEAKE

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for what at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE. A. M. P. M.
From the North..... 7:45 4:15
" South..... 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSURES. A. M. P. M.
North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 6:15
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m. at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
F. F. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSESSOR
G. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

The Nunivak at St. Michael.

Washington.—Captain Shoemaker, Chief of the Revenue Cutter Service, has received advices of the safe arrival at St. Michael, Alaska, of the Nunivak, the new revenue cutter. The Nunivak was built in San Francisco for the upper river service and the duty of towing her to the mouth of the Yukon was assigned to the revenue cutter Rush. The cruising ground of the Nunivak will be from the mouth of the Yukon 1000 miles up stream. She will assist in enforcing navigation customs and revenue laws and will at all times render assistance to persons in distress. She is provisioned for two years.

An Eastern Oregon paper is taking coyote scalps for subscriptions.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in This Column.

There are 1844 children of school age in Whatcom, Wash., an increase of 112 last year.

Seattle is making an effort to get the national encampment of the G. A. R. in 1900.

Subscriptions to Salem's proposed bond issue aggregate \$161,650. The amount of the issue is \$80,000.

The Seattle council has served notice on the saloons that bunco work and drunk-rolling must end.

The Pioneer Society of Southern Oregon will hold the annual reunion this year at Ashland, September 7.

Company B, National Guard, of Colfax, Wash., is raising funds to build an armory.

A recruiting station for the Thirty-fifth United States regiment has been opened at Pomeroy, Wash.

Municipal Judge Cann, of Seattle, has held that so long as slot machines do not pay money they are not gambling devices.

The goddess of plenty for Spokane's big exposition has been selected. Miss Jean Goldie Amos, one of the charming daughters of Whitman county, is to have that honor in October.

A Walla Walla dispatch to the Spokane Spokesman-Review says Walla Walla is overrun with hobos.

According to the personal assessment roll for the year ending March 1, 1899, the assessed value of all improvements in Spokane county for the year is \$320,000.

The Tacoma grand jury will investigate the killing of Mrs. C. R. Corey by her husband last March. Dr. Corey shot Mrs. Corey while both were asleep. He was dreaming that a man was attempting to kill his wife and pulled a revolver from under his pillow and fired.

There are 501 mules staked out on the sand flats south of the Eureka dock, Tacoma, and there they will remain until the transport Port Albert is ready to sail for Manila. Four hundred of these mules were used in the Cuban and Porto Rico campaigns.

Contrary to expectation, it has been decided to operate the Chino sugar factory this season. The campaign will open August 21st and last until the middle of December. Owing to the drought the crop on the Chino ranch is almost an entire failure, and the factory will depend on shipments from other places.

Advices from the Arctic whaling fleet are not encouraging. The season, it is stated, has been a complete failure. The captains of the whalers Jeannette, Karluk and Alexander report it the worst during the past twenty years. The Jeannette succeeded in catching one whale, while the Karluk and Alexander failed to catch any and are devoting their attention to trading. Other whalers spoken early in the season report no success whatever.

Pay of Loiterers Reduced.

Washington.—Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, when asked about reports that he had ordered a reduction in salaries of several chiefs and assistant chiefs of divisions in the office of the auditing department because he had visited the offices and found these chiefs and their clerks reading newspapers and loitering during work hours, said that he had ordered the reduction. It is said by officials in the Treasury that had Vanderlip discovered the same condition in an office well up with its work he would probably have said nothing. He was led to take action, it is said, by the fact that the work in the auditor's office is nearly two years behind.

Gift of a Millionaire.

New York.—Millionaire John W. Mackay has made a princely gift to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Mackay. He has bought her an estate of 700 acres near the beautiful Wheatley hills, on Long Island. The land cost \$300 an acre, and it is the intention of Mackay to erect upon it a mansion that will cost \$500,000, in addition to which an immense sum will be expended in beautifying the grounds immediately about the house. The cost of the entire gift will be immense, for, among other things, it will be necessary to remove a cemetery that occupies part of the land.

Plans to Repair Olympia.

Washington.—The Navy Department has practically decided to send the cruiser Olympia upon her arrival home to the Boston Navy Yard for repairs. It is understood to be the intention to give the vessel a thorough overhauling and to modernize her. It is probable the flag quarters will be removed so that Admiral Dewey will be the last flag officer to fly his flag on board her.

LATEST NEWS NOTES.

The Pope is sending Mgr. Tarnassi, the internuncio of The Hague, on a special mission to St. Petersburg.

The Genoese papers announce that Spain has signed contracts with several Italian shipbuilders to construct a powerful fleet for her.

The French Government has issued a prohibition of any further fights between bulls and wild beasts owing to the brutal exhibition recently given between a bull and a lion.

Colonel Mulford, First Nebraska, who has just returned from the Philippines with his regiment, accepted a Captain's commission in one of the volunteer regiments and will return to the Philippines.

Emperor William has decided to offer another gold cup for a Dover-Helgoland race in 1900, with the important modification that the limitation of tonnage for competition shall be fixed at a minimum of eighty, instead of fifty tons.

The increasing business relations between Denmark and the United States is indicated in a report by Consul Blom to the State Department that the exchange rate to the United States was posted on the Copenhagen Bourse, on July 7th for the first time and this posting will continue twice a week hereafter.

Bright, warm weather still prevails throughout England, the wells and springs are beginning to run dry, and a serious state of things is expected unless it rains soon. Doubtless, owing to the fine weather, the holiday traffic the past week has been the largest known. The railroads to the north were especially crowded during the last few days with those who were bound to the grouse moors.

Consul Boyle at Liverpool has called the attention of the State Department to an expedition which will investigate tropical diseases, and suggests that it would be well to have an American on the expedition. The start has already been made on the steamship Fantee, and the party will go to the west coast of Africa. American participation in the inquiry would have to be through private enterprise, as there is no public fund available.

The monthly statements of the exports on domestic products shows that the exports for July were as follows: Breadstuffs, \$21,084,475, an increase as compared with July, 1898, of nearly \$4,500,000. Cattle and hogs, \$2,941,192; decrease, \$9,000. Provisions, \$14,820,334; increase, \$5,000,000. Cotton, \$5,442,995; increase, \$2,614,000. Mineral oils, \$5,245,519; increase, \$500,000. These show a larger total for July for these five articles than for any preceding July in many years.

MAY NOT LEAVE CONGRESS.

Report that Speaker Reed Will Remain in the House.

Washington.—The return of Speaker Reed from his European trip has started afresh the rumor that he will not retire from public life at present but that he will take his seat in the Fifty-sixth Congress, to which he was elected last fall. The rumor cannot be traced to an authoritative source and has its chief interest in the reason which is given for Reed's reported intention.

The cause of the former Speaker's refusal to confirm the statements made last spring that he would enter upon the practice of law in New York, so the story goes, was that he has been awaiting developments in the Philippine situation with the possibility of changing his plans. Those who believe in this latest rumor assert that Reed is now satisfied that the campaign in the Philippines will not be brought to a successful close within the next few months and that he intends therefore to take his seat in the House and head the anti-expansionist movement. This course is to be taken, it is argued, for the purpose of securing the Presidential nomination in 1900 against McKinley, Reed believing that there is strong latent sentiment among Republicans throughout the country against imperialism. The same rumor has it that Reed does not wish to be Speaker.

SHAMROCK'S MEASUREMENT.

The Towing Incident Hailed as a Precedent by a London Paper.

London.—The official measurements of the cup challenger Shamrock have been supplied by Secretary Hugh C. Kelly of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, which are as follows:

Registered tonnage, 135; Thames measurements, 260; length, 105.5; length on water line, 89 feet; breadth, 25.55; depth, 10.55; port of register, Belfast.

The Field, referring to the New York Yacht Club's consent that the cup challenger Shamrock shall be towed during calm spells, says:

"If this will not be a precedent, what will it be? It is not likely that the Shamrock will be becalmed in mid-ocean, and towing will be most useful in case of head winds."

In the opinion of Field the trials between the Columbia and Defender give no insight into the chances of the untied Shamrock.

It is only in exceptional cases that it will pay to store a grain crop to market later.

PRAISE FOR PRESIDIO.

Surgeon Greenleaf Says It Is An Ideal Camp.

HE REPORTS TO WAR DEPARTMENT.

Food Furnished the Volunteers Better Than at the Average Hotels—Excellent Sanitary Arrangement.

Washington.—As exhibiting the difference between haste at Camp Wyckoff, where the Cuban volunteers were taken when brought home, and the careful preparation at San Francisco for the return of the Philippine volunteers, the War Department considers the report of Colonel Greenleaf, medical inspector of the Army, one of great importance, and has made its entire contents public. He says:

"The general health of the men is excellent, the sick report, exclusive of cases placed in the hospital immediately after arrival, being 4.6 per cent of the effective force and made up of such trivial ailments as mild affection of the air passages, indigestion, rheumatism, etc. Fears that were entertained of serious illness, owing to the climate and scantily clad condition of the men, have not been realized. Many of the men had thick clothing on their arrival, and those who had none borrowed from their more fortunate comrades. Nearly all have observed precautionary directions against exposure, and comfortably headquarters have given them shelter and lounging places when off duty.

The sanitary corps (civilian employees) have kept the latrine troughs, garbage and waste cans in excellent order, and urine tubs laced each night in the company streets have freed the camp ground from defilement of this nature. The trough system for latrines is a perfect success, and these places, instead of being noisome sights, are now show places of the camp, the houses and their surroundings being neat and clean in appearance and entirely free from bad odors.

The food supply is abundant and well cooked and served. There is added to each one hundred of regular rations twelve and one-half gallons of milk, ten pounds of butter and ten dozen eggs. This is furnished by the Subsistence Department under an act of Congress approved March 8, 1899, for issues to enlisted men in camp during periods of recovery from low conditions of health consequent upon service in unhealthy regions or in debilitating climates. It may truthfully be said that the food in this camp is much better in variety, quality and preparation than in the average hotel anywhere in this country.

"Complaint having been made of the presence of vermin in the bedding and clothing of some of the men, I had large caldrons of boiling water put up in the camps, into which the material so infected was ordered to be placed. These caldrons, when not so used, supplied hot water for laundering the clothing of the men. Galvanized iron wash tubs have been furnished for this purpose."

AGREEMENT WITH CROW INDIANS

Government to Buy a Million Acres of of Their Reservation.

Crow Agency, Mont.—Government Commissioners have effected an agreement with the Crow Indians, which will become a treaty when ratified by Congress. About a million acres of land will be purchased on the northern end of the Crow reservation, from Fort Custer to Yellowstone river and from Pryor creek to the eastern boundary of the reservation, embracing the Lower Big Horn and other smaller streams.

This leaves the Crows two and one-half million acres and will make them independent in time and furnish homes for thousands of civilized people. The price to be paid is about \$1 per acre in payments. Considerable land is arable, but most of it is excellent for grazing, with timber on the streams. The Northern Pacific Railway runs along the northern border and the Burlington diagonally through it from east to west.

The Transvaal Preparing.

Johannesburg.—The Transvaal Government, it is reported, has provisionally arranged with the Netherlands South African Railroad Company for mobilization on the shortest notice if required. Immense stores of provisions and war material have been collected at Pretoria. It is reported that orders have been issued to mobilize the artillery reserve.

It is alleged from Boer source that the Government proposes to introduce a passport law, aiming to prevent Uitlanders from leaving the country without permission in the event of war.

Chickens Going to Honolulu.

Trenton, Mo.—Two hundred thousand live chickens will be shipped from this country to the Hawaiian islands as fast as they can be bought up. The first car of 500 has been shipped and others will soon follow. The poultry brings big prices in Honolulu.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.
GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING, ETC., ETC., ETC.
:: Free Delivery. ::

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno A V
South San Francisco, Cal.

REACHING WESTWARD.
Ice Trust Said to Be After California Companies.
New York.—The announcement is made in a Brooklyn paper that the big Consolidated Ice Company of Brooklyn has gone into a gigantic trust along with the Knickerbocker Ice Company, and that they have already secured control of the ice business of several large cities and are now in process of acquiring others, San Francisco and Los Angeles being among them. It is claimed that the new trust, which is known as the American Ice Company of New Jersey, will acquire every ice plant and privilege in San Francisco, as well as in every other large city in the United States, and that the negotiations for the transfers of ownership will be completed within a few days. The promoters have been quietly at work during the past few months buying up the control of the concerns elsewhere, and the statement is made that they have already secured the business in a number of places in the East and South, the transfers having been made, while in the West they hold options upon the ice plants of every city approximating a population of 100,000. The American Ice Company was incorporated in New Jersey on March 11th last. It has a capital of \$80,000,000. It is understood that this capital will be increased probably three-fold. The shares of the two New York companies have been exchanged for a like number in the new concern. It is probable that the same plan will be pursued in the acquirement of the San Francisco ice companies, and that a reorganization of the directors will take place in each instance. The big company's charter has extraordinarily sweeping powers, which enable it to do almost any kind of manufacturing, build railroads and steamships, establish banks and engage in various other industries. John F. Carroll, the Tammany leader, promoted the deal, and Wall street understands that the Rockefellers are doing the financing.

J. L. WOOD,
Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

The People's Store
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.
This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.
Give Us a Call and be Convinced.
M. F. HEALEY,
Hav, Grain and Feed. :: ::
Wood and Coal. :: ::
ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.
Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.
LINDEN AVENUE,
Between Armour and Juniper Avenues
Leave Orders at Postoffice.
South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

Washington city is opposed to insectivorous osculation.

A man may call his wife dear and the statement may bear two constructions.

They say it takes a smart man to be a rogue, but only fools try to get along that way.

The kissing bug appears to be a combination of a mosquito, a copperhead snake and an epidemic.

Inventor Edison was unable to invent a way to keep his son from marrying a girl that the family didn't like.

Planks in political platforms are generally measured with a view to their adaptability to the official posts.

Every woman thinks her doctor is the best until she catches him making a fuss over some other woman's baby.

In putting his foot down on Porto Rico Uncle Sam seems to have exposed his leg. Hayti wants to pull it for a loan.

Whether or not girl bathers use cloth gloves at the shore, undressed kid is a common fashion at the local swimming holes.

If Uncle Sam's new explosive, thorite, is all that it is claimed to be, he has no further use for a disarmament conference.

The Stax was one of the factors in restoring Dreyfus to the liberty of which he was deprived by falsehood and forgery.

The minister who declared in the pulpit that stiff collars and religion do not go together landed rather heavily on the neck of his congregation.

If Bishop Potter has never been in a theater, as he says, he has never seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Pinafore." And yet he thinks that he has lived.

"As soon as the ink trust is ready for business," remarked the professor, "it will proceed, I suppose, to make the foulest blot on the page of history."

Modeling her in gold may please one girl, but just think of the number that might be made happy if all that material was worked up into wedding rings.

A woman writer asserts that a pretty hat can be made for sixty cents and a neat dress for \$3. It is also true that man can live on mush and molasses absorbed regularly thrice a day.

That professor who wants to change the name of the United States of North America to Usona may as well give it up. Usona doesn't rhyme with enough other words to make the proposition go.

That story of the New York woman killing her husband because he snored too loud awakens the suspicion that the real cause of Othello's dreadful deed with the pillows may never have been brought to light.

Since the success of his son as a pugilist the elder Jeffries is reported to be in great demand as a preacher. And it is understood that the elder Jeffries is making no efforts to disturb the inflow of gate receipts. In addition to its brawn and its plety the Jeffries family seems to be possessed of considerable thrift.

Little surprise was expressed at the wording in English, instead of French, of the invitations issued by the British ambassador at Paris to his banquet in commemoration of the queen's eightieth birthday anniversary. Yet there was a time when such a proceeding would have been tantamount to a rupture of diplomatic relations. In these days there is no longer any one court or diplomatic language, while the English language is steadily and swiftly moving forward toward universal usage.

In a summary appended to a recent meteorological chart of the great lakes (United States weather bureau) Mr. Henry states that these bodies of water do not have a marked influence on the precipitation of rain over the adjacent land areas. There are eight inches more rainfall on the south shore of Lake Superior than on the north shore, and three inches more in the cases of Erie and Ontario. There is also a greater precipitation on the eastern shores of Lakes Huron and Michigan than on the western.

The increase in postoffice receipts will this year be sensationally large, according to the present estimates of the department in Washington. In some branches of the service receipts are 25 per cent greater than they were a year ago. In the last fifteen years the postoffice business of the country has doubled in volume. This indicates not only our direct growth in population, but the increase in the number and size of our newspapers and other publications, as well as a great growth in the habit of letter writing.

Motives of humanity cannot be given too large a place in the expressed determination of the czar to abolish the Siberian exile system. The Trans-Siberian Railroad is not being built for military purposes only. The Russian Government could not afford to maintain such a vast system for that purpose alone. Siberia is a vast region which only needs to be tickled with the hoe

to laugh with a harvest. Its development in agriculture and mining will add almost a new world to the globe. But it cannot flourish so long as it is a penal colony. History has proven that fact. In this new departure of the czar the student of current affairs will discover motives of policy as well as of humanity.

In an article in the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture Mr. Barnes, of the Division of Statistics, advocates the keeping of goats in many parts of the States. He states that whenever fowl land is regularly pastured by goats it becomes cleared of weeds and bushes, and being evenly fertilized runs into nutritious native grass. "Practically all the goatskins entering into the commerce and manufactures of the United States are imported. With the exception of that portion of the population upon territory derived from Spain and Mexico, the people of this country have not usually evinced any interest in goat-herding for profit, either of skins or other products." He shows that Angora goats have done well on farms in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Illinois. There are 500,000 goats in the United States, 258,000 in the West Indies (where goat mutton is extensively used), 15,000 in England, and 4,500,000 in Spain.

Experience has demonstrated that one of the best ways to advertise a book is to question its morality. Continuing the crusade started by the rejection of Macmonnies' famous Bacchante, the Boston school committee has rejected an illustrated edition of Ovid which it was proposed to introduce as a text book into the schools, because certain illustrations in the book of mythological characters were pictured in a state of partial nudity. Their action has roused a tornado of talk, and if experience repeats itself, there will probably be a brisk run on the illustrated copies of Ovid. People who never heard of the Roman poet, and certainly many who never read him, will want to know him now, provided, of course, they can be furnished with the much-talked-about edition. When the hue and cry was raised against "Les Miserables" having a place in the library of the Girls' High School of Philadelphia, several years ago, almost every girl proceeded to scour the public libraries or muster up money sufficient to buy the tabooed novel. Curiosity is one of the most potent of human attributes. The records of the very first family in Eden prove that.

It may be that the twentieth century will give us both a flying machine and a never-failing cure for senility—the two things for which humanity has struggled for centuries. In fact, we are already assured that some professors have solved the problem of circumventing old age, although the discovery upon which their experiments were based was made by a country physician who has been searching for the "secret of youth" for thirty years. The physician has at last found the secret—not in the mysterious laboratory of the alchemist or in the cryptic writings of an Indian squaw—but in the common, everyday barnyard billy-goat, the street cleaner that eats tin cans and wire fences. The return to youth is produced by the doctor through hypodermic injections of the lymphatic fluid of young goats into the body. By this process it is claimed that the mineral deposits which accumulate in the bones, and which bring on the senility and decay of old age, are replaced with the life cells contained in the lymphatic glands of the goats and general deterioration of the body is prevented and the elasticity of youth preserved. The theory seems plausible enough even to the unscientific mind, for nothing would seem to be so admirably calculated to make a man feel frisky and frolicsome as an infusion of goat "cells." It would seem, however, that great caution ought to be exercised in the use of these "cells." If a man got loaded with an overdose of these goat "cells" there is danger that he might want to butt over everything in the town. Indeed, a man whose bones were charged with three or four more goat "cells" than he needed might do great damage to life and property. There is no doubt that the goat "cells" are a good thing and should be pushed along, but their natural propensity for head-end collisions would suggest the exercise of great caution in adapting them to the needs of those who are anxious to feel young at eighty or ninety.

Rats for Snakes.
Snakes have the sense of smell. It is difficult to obtain food for rattlesnakes and water vipers. The owner of a small private collection has been trying them on the house rats and mice he has caught about the buildings. He would leave these in the snake cages over night and through the day. They would run over the snakes with impunity. The snakes would pay no attention to them, but when he happened to secure some field mice and put them in the cage the snakes ate them at once. He then put in several rats and mice of the ordinary house variety that he had caught out of doors, and these were seized by the snakes almost as readily as the wild species. He then conceived the idea of making an earth box to keep the rats in for a while before feeding, and soon found that if they were put in there for twelve hours or so before they were given to the snakes they would be eaten. The only apparent explanation is that the smell of the earth is desirable by the snakes, and that the smell which the animals acquire about buildings is objectionable.

When a man is sued for breach of promise and his love letters are produced as evidence he can nearly always get off on the plea of temporary insanity.

OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.



HERE is no problem that can exceed in practical importance the problem of right living. What is the true plan of life, the divine life of men? Where shall we find the "life which is life indeed?" There are so many would-be teachers and guides that say, "This is the way, walk ye in it," that we grow uncertain. Men are tempted to ask whether all the effort and struggle and self-denial involved in the unweary seeking of the good, and that seem to lead nowhere and to nothing, are after all better than the life which seeks ease and pleasure. The eye wanders till it lights on Christ, and then our question is answered. His life instantly makes apparent the world of difference between the selfish and the unselfish, the aimless and the purposeful, the low and the lofty. To see him is to see the deep meaning of life, and to find the justification of our loftiest aspirations, our utmost strivings and hopes. He fulfills the ideal of human life. The loftiest conceptions of life which the mind can fashion are all realized. What was the secret of that life? What was the guiding principle of it, and what the law to which it was conformed? The answer is found in the words in which, speaking of his Father, Jesus said, "For I do always the things that are pleasing to Him." Pleasing God—that is the ideal life.—Baptist Union.

The Larger Prayer.
At first I prayed for Light,
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly, would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unflinching feet, and win
The heavens' serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith,
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love,
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark His plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.
—Edna Dean Cheney.

Cubic Choice.
Our choice in life must be cubic choice. It must have three dimensions. First, it must be very high—as high as I can reach my life. Next, it must be very broad, covering all the powers of my life—mind, voice, hands, feet. And then it must be very long—run out seventy years, if that be the sum of my days on earth. I cannot afford to swap horses in the middle of the stream. I cannot afford to change my choice at 30 or 40. We are to make our choice the highest, the broadest, and the longest possible. This is to be our aim, that the life of Christ in us shall be and do what the life of Christ was and did in himself. We are so to live that our life shall repeat the life of Jesus of Nazareth.—Alexander McKenzie, D. D.

Conquering Ourselves and Others.
Life in its relation to others is very much what we choose to make of it. If we choose to seek offense in their acts, we shall find plenty. Isaac could have got up a quarrel with Abimelech and the Gerarites which would have embittered his whole life and passed down as a vendetta to his posterity. But he knew that "it takes two to make a quarrel," and he resolved not to be one of the two. Once and again he yields the point, and fairly wears them out by his courtesy. And with what result? Did they think him a poltroon, whom they could trample over? At the last they come meekly and ask to enter into covenant with him, declaring they never meant him a bit of harm, or did it either. He was manifestly the conqueror through his patience and his courtesy, in which they began to see something divine, and they hurried to make terms with him. His quietness under wrong doing was too much for their blustering quarrelsomeness, as it always will be if a man has the heroism for it. The greatest of conquests was that by the one who gave his cheek to the smiter.—S. S. Times.

The Oldest Wooden Church.
The oldest wooden church in the world was erected at Borgund, Norway, more than 700 years ago, when Christianity was first introduced in that neighborhood. It is still as sound as ever, but is used by the congregation only during the warm months of the year. As the ancient edifice is not supplied with heating apparatus or glass-protected windows, the people refuse to patronize it in winter.

The church is always steeped in mystic gloom, for there are no windows, only a series of small, round holes cut into the upper side walls where they join the roof. There are no window frames nor shutters, and the holes in the walls are never closed, summer or winter. The altar and the pulpit are of the simplest description, unadorned by paint or picture. There is a bench at the side of the altar for the burgomaster and the alderman of Borgund; the rest of the congregation has to

stand or kneel on the bare floor.—New York Press.

From Many Fields.
A meeting was recently held in New York City to decide the question of holding a conference of religion in the State. An executive committee composed of prominent ministers was appointed to arrange for such conference. The committee is composed of ministers representing the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Hebrew, Methodist, Presbyterian, Reformed Unitarian and Universalist denominations.

Of the \$5,110,000 desired by the Wesleyan Church of England as a "twentieth century fund" \$3,475,289 has already been subscribed. It has been decided to use \$1,000,000 of the fund for building a Wesleyan hall in London capable of seating 3,000 persons. A suggestion has been made that a college at Oxford, on the lines of Mansfield College, to be named Wesley College, would be a most appropriate monument to the distinguished son of Oxford who gave the church his name.

The Irish mission to the Jews, now in its second year, devotes its energies to propagating the gospel among the 5,000 Jews in Ireland. It has stations in Belfast, Dublin and Cork, and makes missionary visits to Limerick, Waterford, Armagh, Derry and other centers where Jews are found. It distributed last year 700 New Testaments, besides many tracts.

The late James A. Spurgeon, D. D., LL. D., is said to have been the richest nonconformist minister in England. His property has recently been appraised at \$190,000, acquired largely by good investments and careful management.

It is proposed to open a "house of rest" on Grand Canary Island, where the climate is most invigorating, for the use of missionaries who go to Africa.

In the little village of Portbury, England, the only nonconformist place of worship is a disused railway carriage, where the Wesleyan Society meets and where a Sunday school is taught.

STRUCK DEAD BY LIGHTNING.

Burns and Marks on the Body of a Man Killed by a Flash.

Two brothers, aged respectively 28 and 22 years, were driving together near Chester in a dog cart during a thunder storm. They were apparently struck by lightning and seem to have fallen simultaneously out of the back of the vehicle, for they were found about five minutes after the flash lying side by side with the seat of the dog cart under their legs and the driving apron over them. I arrived from ten to fifteen minutes afterward and found them both dead; the bodies were lying in the road in the same position as they were found. The elder brother had no external sign of injury. The younger brother presented the following appearance: The epidermis was burned over the chest and abdomen, not continuously, but in a number of circular holes from one-sixteenth of an inch to a quarter of an inch in diameter. The metallic collar stud was fused and the skin beneath was deeply burned. The back from the neck to the buttocks was burned, but less severely than in front. The vest and shirt were charred, but the waistcoat and coat were unburned. The woolen drawers and trousers had a hole burned in them about two inches in diameter corresponding to a burn on the right buttock. On the occiput there was a contused scalp wound evidently due to the fall from the vehicle. There were no other injuries, nor were any of the clothes torn off either of the bodies.

There was still no rigor mortis an hour and a half after death. His watch was going and seems not to have been magnetized, as it has kept good time since. The cloth of the cushion on which the younger brother sat was burned on its outer surface, but the wooden seat beneath was unburned. The tailboard of the dog cart has the paint slightly singed immediately behind the younger brother's seat, otherwise the vehicle bears no traces of the lightning. It was very wet from the rain. No one else was in the cart besides the two brothers. The horse was uninjured and trotted home of its own accord. The road also bore no traces of the lightning.—Lancet.

Dis Double Demise.
"Wull, wull!" ejaculated McLuberty, in the midst of his perusal of a newspaper which he had carelessly picked up. "Bedad, poor Duffy is dead again! An' ut sames to how happened in the same way as ut did pravyiously—he has been blown up by a pre-mator blast. O! shud hov tought that wance wud hov been enough to satisfy him, but thin he always was wan av thim fellers that niver know their own moulds."

"Phwt are yez talkin' about?" asked Mrs. McLuberty, in some surprise. "Duffy dead again? Is ut crazy ye are?"

"No; O! do be radin' ut roight here in dhy pay, an—"

"Lave me look at thot dockymint! Whoy, yez blunderhead, thid is a two-year-old pay thot O! laid out to spread on dhy shirt!"

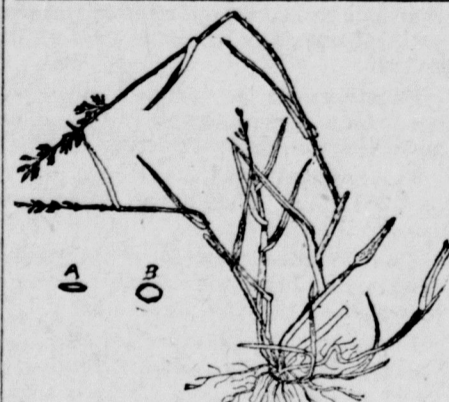
"Is thot so? Wull, ut relaves me moind. O! was sorry to t'ink av such bad luck happenin' to poor Duffy."—Harper's Bazar.

Gorgeous Check Books.
A New York bank where most of the fashionable ladies keep their accounts issues most gorgeous checkbooks to its depositors. On the cover is the owner's monogram, while the checks are printed in gold, from exquisitely engraved plates.

The Universal Failing.
"What do you mean by saying he is stuck on himself?" asked the irritatingly precise boarder.
"I mean," said the cheerful idiot, "that he is one of his own firmest adherents."—Indianapolis Journal.



Flat-stemmed Bluegrass.
A correspondent writes to the Ohio Farmer inquiring the name for an enclosed sample of grass. The Farmer replies that the grass included with this letter is flat-stemmed blue grass, *Poa compressa* L. It grows in dense tufts, forming a thick but usually intermittent sward. It spreads by underground stems shown in figure, and hence often, in light soils, rapidly invades the meadows. It is a good grass in many respects, but is so much less productive than Kentucky bluegrass, *Poa pratensis* L., that many persons entertain a rather low opinion of its merits. The specific name, "compressa," refers to its flattened stems or culms, in contrast with the commonly cylindrical ones. This character, with its short blades and wiry stiffness, permits a ready recognition of flat-stem-



FLAT-STEMMED BLUEGRASS.
mod bluegrass; A, in the cut, is a cross section of a stem, and B, of an ordinary round stem grass.

Cultivation and Apple Trees.

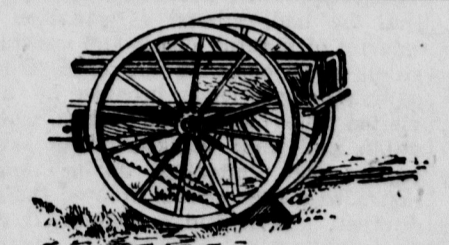
At the Nebraska station a study was made of the effect of cultivation on the growth of apple trees, the size of fruit and the water contents of the soil. A small orchard was divided into three parts, one of which was cultivated regularly and the other two left in grass and weeds, one of the latter being mowed and the other pastured by hogs. The report says: "Trees in cultivated ground suffered noticeably less from the drought and hot winds of summer than those in sod ground. The foliage was darker and more vigorous in appearance, and there was no yellowing and dropping of the leaves, nor wilting during hot, windy days, both of which occurred with uncultivated trees. Apples from cultivated land averaged nearly 14 per cent larger in weight than those from pasture land and over 17 per cent larger than those from mowed land."—Grange Homes.

How Salt Helps Fertility.

While the soda and chlorine of salt have no manurial properties, there is often a decided effect from using salt as topdressing for land that has organic matter. Only very small amounts are used per acre, and thus used the salt hastens decomposition, and this sets free whatever carbonic acid gas or ammonia the organic matter contains. Salt is usually thought of as a preservative. It is so when in amounts large enough to pickle what it is applied to. When carbonic acid gas is liberated, that acts as a solvent on the inert potash and phosphate that the soil contains, thus often serving in place of those minerals at much less cost than if they were bought and applied.

A Brake Block.

This is used by teamsters in mountainous regions. A three-cornered block, a of wood is fastened by chains or wire to the brake beam of a wagon so that it will drag on the ground about 2 inches behind one of the rear wheels of the wagon. The driver stops to rest his team, and instead of applying the brake the team is allowed to slacken its traces so the weight of the load will rest on the self-acting chock block.



EFFECTIVE BRAKE BLOCK.

When the team starts again the team merely has to start the load instead of having to pull against the brake until it can be loosened.—American Agriculturist.

Gapes.

Since so many lose their chickens with this dreadful disease, if it may be called such, I will give what I consider a preventive, says a writer in Practical Poultryman. At from three to four weeks old I give a little whey to drink that is very sour. Recently I did not have any, and at four weeks of age I found one chicken with gapes. I placed a basin on the stove with a little sour milk in, and after the curd had separated I let it sour a day or so and gave to my chickens, and have seen no more gapes since. Always have plenty of water by chickens so they will not drink too much.

Small Celery Best.

There is a great difference in the quality of celery, and this makes the size a matter of comparatively little account. The giant varieties of celery are now superseded in favor of dwarf kinds that are crisp and nutty in flavor. Something, however, depends on the soil and method of growing. A moist soil makes the celery grow much fuller of its native juices than one which is

dry. The soil can hardly be too rich, for the quicker the growth the better it is, whatever the variety. Celery that is any way stunted becomes stringy, and if it is checked by drought it will have comparatively little of the characteristic celery flavor.

Pruning Vines in Summer.

The chief art in gardening consists in not allowing our plants to have their own willful way, but to make them behave as we want them to. Vines generally make desperate attempts to get to the top of a bush or tree that they twine around, and the lower portion is nothing but a series of naked stems. When we set them to trellises we want this proceeding reversed. We desire as many branches close to the ground as at the extreme upper portion of the pole or frame on which they are supported. The educated gardener understands how to do this. The grower of grapes under glass has to know how to do it, as otherwise he would have grapes in the apex of the roof and nowhere else. He applies the same principle to the growth of flowering vines out of doors as to his grapes under glass, or to the grapes in the outdoor garden, for that matter, with equal results.

The art is very simple. It is simply to pinch out the apex of the strong growing shoots that want to get up still higher, and leave the struggling shoots at the base alone. The growth force, suddenly checked by the topping of the upper shoots, has to be expended somewhere, just as the sudden stoppage of water being forced through a pipe may burst that pipe. It is diverted to the lower and weaker shoots, which become, before the season is over, as strong as the upper ones.

In the hands of a good gardener a grapevine trellis will have fruit over every part of its surface—and have as fine fruits at the apex as at the base. But how rarely do we see these masters of the art; and how simple the art is, after all.—Meehan's Monthly.

Ventilation of Horses' Stables.

Good ventilation of stables with plenty of light should be provided for horses in summer. Many horses are kept in underground stables. This is very bad, especially in summer, when excrement rots very quickly, filling the stables with ammonia. This is very injurious to horses' eyes, especially if the stable be rather dark. This causes enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and the change to bright sunlight when the horse is brought out of the stable often results in making him blind. It is worse if there are one or two small windows where sunlight can come in. The underground stable should in summer be unused; it is tolerable only in cold weather.

Welsh Heifer.

The Welsh heifer shown in the picture is the property of Col. H. Platt.



WELSH HEIFER.

Gorddino, Llanfairfrechan, Wales. She is the winner of first prize at the show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England in Birmingham.

Feeding Clover to Fowls.

The very common advice to feed clover to hens as an aid to egg production needs to have a caution attached to it. If hens have grain with the clover they will not probably eat too much of the lighter food for their good. But exclusive reliance on cut clover as winter feed for a day or two may so clog the gizzard with light indigestible food that when grain is given it only makes the matter worse by furnishing more heating material to ferment in the crop. Wherever much grain is given to fowls they become too fat to lay, and it is such hens that are most likely to be crop-bound.

Ridding Land of Bushes.

Most farmers are infested to a greater or less extent with bushes, which are exhaustive of fertility and patience, and are unsightly. They are cut regularly each spring, but continue to come up and multiply. It is a fact not generally known that if they are grubbed up during "dog days," or at the time when they have about attained their growth for the year, 90 per cent. of them will be effectually killed and the rest so enfeebled that they will do but little harm the next season, and can be easily killed at the second grubbing.

Fertilizing Growing Corn.

Top dressing with well-composted manure is fast coming to the front with our farmers for a growing corn crop. Try spreading when the corn is two feet high and you will find it works wonders. If droppings from the hen house are available, keep them dry; add some dry ashes if convenient, scatter along the row tightly and you will find it beats any brand of special commercial fertilizer.

Kerosene for Killing Mosquito Larvae.

To be very effective the kerosene must cover the surface of the water where these pests develop to a perceptible depth. A mere film will not answer. The cost of this method will be prohibitive, except in thickly settled communities and on small bodies of water.

Black Marsh Soils.

Marsh soils are usually considered so rich that fertilizers are not necessary. Experiments show that they respond very well to applications of farmyard manure and often to coarse litter, well worked in, but commercial fertilizers other than an application of potash have but little influence.

WHISTLE IT AWAY.

Have you any petty cares, boys?
Whistle them away;
There's nothing cheers the spirits
Like a merry roundelay.
No matter for the heartaches,
'Neath silk or hoddens-gray,
For the sake of those who love you,
Just whistle them away.

'Tis strange how soon friends gather
About a cheerful face;
That smiling eyes and lips count more
Than beauty, wealth or grace,
But I have seen it tried, boys,
When trouble comes to stay,
The brave heart leaps to work and strives
To whistle it away.
—Selected.

The Family Specter.

“Y Jove, Gordon, I don't know what to make of you!” exclaimed Tom Fairleigh, drawing on his gloves with considerable show of vexation. “Amy Hepburn's happiness is dear to me; in fact, I came here to-night to tell you that I love her—”

“To tell me?” broke in Gordon; “why don't you tell her?”

“Wait, can't you? Let me finish. I have told her and she declined me. It was very gently and with the greatest possible regard for my feelings, but nevertheless I was declined. Don't think me a fool because I come here and make a confession which can be nothing less than mortifying. I'm doing it for Amy's sake.”

“For Amy's sake?” echoed Gordon.

“Yes; I want to see her happy and you are the man to make her so. She declined me on your account. Of course, I knew long ago that you were my rival, but I did not know until two hours since that you were the successful one. You aren't worthy of her and don't deserve her, but don't think for a moment that I believe myself more worthy or more deserving.” Pausing suddenly, Fairleigh walked to his friend's side and laid a hand on his shoulder. “I can't understand what you mean by leading Amy to believe that you care for her, while all the time dividing your attentions with Nell Forthdyke. Would you be inhuman enough to break a heart as loyal as Amy's?”

“Don't be tragic, Tom. I'm not going to break anybody's heart. Nell is rich, you know—”

“And so are you,” sneered Fairleigh, walking hurriedly to the door and laying his hand on the knob, “but Amy Hepburn is poor. Society dares you to wed with poverty. If you love Amy, are you man enough to take the dare? Examine into the financial condition of the Hepburns, reflect upon the cause of their downfall in fortune, and then let me see if you are strong enough to leap this Brahminical barrier of cast.”

With this parting shot Fairleigh passed quickly out of the room and slammed the door behind him. Harry Gordon gave vent to a long whistle, settled himself back in his chair and thoughtfully lighted a cigar.

“That was quite a jolt,” he muttered, looking upward through the curling wreaths of smoke. “How happy I could be with either were I other dear charm away! It's as sure as can be that I love one and fancy the other, but who will unravel the Gordian knot? Which is it to be—Amy or Nell?”

A knock fell on the door—not on the outside door, but on a door leading into a closet. Harry Gordon stirred uncomfortably in his chair, a vexed look coming into his eyes as he fixed them upon the closet door. After a brief interval of silence the knock was repeated.

“Now, what in the world aroused you?” cried Gordon.

“Business is business,” came a hollow voice from the other side of the closet door. “I'm here for a purpose, and if I do not make that purpose manifest once in a while you'll forget all about me.”

This remark was followed by a cackling cackling outburst that seemed to grate harshly on Gordon's ear.

“Well, what do you want?” he asked.

“I want to come out and show myself. You know I'm here, but a little ocular demonstration won't come amiss, I take it. Remember, I'm showing consideration for you. I might have kicked open this door and stalked out into the room. But I didn't. I rapped.”

“Can't you put it off? Come out to-morrow. I've got something else to think about now.”

“The high and mighty order of family skeletons are not in the habit of playing second fiddle or taking back seats for anybody. I'm coming out at once.”

“All right, then,” groaned Gordon, squaring himself about in his chair. “Come on.”

The closet door flew open and a well-developed skeleton strode out and dropped with a rattle into a chair. The cavernous eyes were blankly expressive to Gordon. For him also there was something sarcastic in the grin of the fleshless jaws.

“Dust me off,” said the skeleton; “I want to show up as frightful as possible to-night.”

The request presented itself to Gordon as a command, which he was powerless to disobey. Picking up a feather duster, he plied it vigorously above the gleaming white bones.

“A-choo!” he sneezed, dropping the duster and falling into his chair.

“You ought not to neglect me,” said the skeleton. “I'm one of the family and should be treated as such. Now, then, let's have a chat.”

The skeleton crossed his bony legs and settled back comfortably.

“Will it do me any good to have a chat with you?” queried Gordon.

“That remains to be seen. It used to do your father good. Why, it was my

custom to visit him every night. As he sat before that table there, writing, I'd sneak out of that closet, come quietly up behind him and put an arm caressingly about his neck.” The skeleton laughed, working his bony jaws with a succession of crackling sounds that made Gordon shiver. “How it used to startle him! He would turn white as a sheet as he looked up into my face. Once he sprang to his feet in desperation and we had a wrestle all about the room, overturning chairs, tables and everything else that came in our way.”

“You succeeded well in shortening my father's life,” returned Gordon, gloomily. “Under your tyranny he sunk into his grave long before his time.”

“So he did, so he did, and he passed me on to you with the rest of his property, real and personal. It was a rich inheritance, my dear boy, even though I had to be dragged at its heels. Yet don't accuse me of any responsibility for your father's taking off. He was the author of my existence. Like Frankenstein, he built me up, bone by bone, and was not content until he had made a gigantic monster and breathed into my bony breast the breath of life. Then, in order that I might not afflict his sight, he stowed me away in that closet. Suppose I became the instrument of his own undoing? Is it not true that he was, nevertheless, the author of his own downfall?”

“Your logic seems to be as merciless as it is correct,” answered Gordon, with knitted brows. “Still there are some points relating to your history on which my mind is a trifle obscure. What possessed my father to call into being a creature of your disagreeable character?”

“The almighty dollar, young man. He created me in order that you might inherit a little more wealth. He did not think then how I should one day sit astride his shoulders like an old man of the sea, nor did he think that it was possible for me to afflict his son. For obvious reasons my relations with you are not so intimate as they were with your worthy father. I was evolved out of the wheat pit of the Board of Trade. Your father was a bull, and he mercilessly gored both life and fortune out of a certain bear who was not nimble enough to get out of his way.”

“And who was this bear?” asked Gordon.

“A man named Hepburn.”

“Amy Hepburn's father?” murmured the young man, rubbing his hand across his brow in an effort to remember.

“Yes, Hepburn lost every penny he had in the world through that disastrous wheat deal. He was forced into bankruptcy, and, unable to bear the disgrace, took his own life. His money went to increase the store your father left you, my boy, and it is now possible for you to live in luxury while Hepburn's wife and children must struggle on as best they can. However,” and the skeleton got up and started back to its closet, “it is not for me to moralize. Now that I've caught myself delivering a homily, I'll just take my departure. Au revoir, my dear fellow.”

Halting at the closet door, the skeleton waved its adieu and disappeared within. Gordon sat in his chair, deep in thought, while his cigar burned itself out between his fingers.

At last he got up and shook his broad shoulders as though freeing himself of a disagreeable burden.

“Society has dared me,” he muttered, “but I know my heart now, and I'll do as I please!”

After Harry Gordon and Amy Hepburn had been married and had returned from their honeymoon, Harry brought his bride upstairs to his old bachelor's den and seated her in a chair.

“My dear,” he said, “I have a confession to make to you. My father once did you father a grievous wrong, and I have made myself the happiest fellow in the world undoing it. However, as we are not to have any secrets from each other, you must know about this.”

A look of astonishment came into Amy's blue eyes as she watched her husband proceed to the closet, throw open the door and go to rummaging about inside.

“What in the world are you looking for, Harry?” she asked as he returned to her side.

“I'm looking for something that doesn't seem to be there—the Gordon family skeleton, Amy. For the first time in fifteen years it is not to be found in that closet.”

Just then a clanking tread was heard in the hallway without, the door was pushed slowly ajar and the skeleton limped in, supporting himself on a crutch and looking very much the worse for wear.

“There it is!” cried Gordon. “What's the matter with you, old chap? Here, sit down. I want to make you acquainted with my wife.”

The family skeleton dropped into a chair and shook until it rattled like a score of castanets.

“I'm done for,” it groaned. “You've fixed me, young man. I just dropped in to say good-bye to you. But don't introduce me to your wife. We met before.”

“That's so, Harry,” said Amy. “I know all about this family skeleton of yours. Don't let it worry you, my dear,” and she threw her soft arms about his neck. “Let the dead past bury its dead. If we are happy, isn't that enough?”

“Enough, yes!” and he pressed a rapturous kiss upon her fair cheek.

That kiss pronounced the doom of the Gordon family skeleton. Forthwith it began to fade into the air, finally vanishing and leaving not a wreck behind.

Mean people say that the man a widow selects to support her at her husband's funeral is the one she usually marries afterward.

Good For Little Folks

Children are particularly liable to bowel troubles in the summer time. The best preventive of summer complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, is to keep the bowels open gently. The delicate tissues of a child's intestines should never be abused by the use of violent purges. The only liver and bowel regulator fit to be used by children is the ideal laxative and intestinal tonic, CASCARETS Candy Cathartic.

THIS IS THE TABLET

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

ANNUAL SALES, 5,000,000 BOXES.

10c. 25c. 50c. DRUGGISTS

CASCARETS are absolutely harmless, a purely vegetable compound. No mercurial or other mineral pill-poison in Cascarets. Cascarets promptly, effectively and permanently cure every disorder of the Stomach, Liver and Intestines. They not only cure constipation, but correct any and every form of irregularity of the bowels, including diarrhoea and dysentery. Pleasant, palatable, potent. Taste good, do good. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. Be sure you get the genuine! Beware of imitations and substitutes! Buy a box of CASCARETS to-day, and if not pleased in every respect, get your money back! Write us for booklet and free sample! Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

A Lucky Horseshoe.

The Australians when they find a horseshoe throw it over their shoulder. A lady in Sydney found one and threw it gracefully over her shoulder.

It went through a hatter's window and hit a customer who was trying on a new hat. This gentleman, under the impression that one of the shopmen, in a fit of temporary insanity, had played the trick, promptly struck him and sent him through the plate glass window. A general melee ensued, although on consideration nobody knew what it was all about.—Public Opinion.

Winning Ways.

“Money,” said the philosopher, “may often do more harm than good. Sometimes the mighty dollar is a man's worst enemy.”

“Yes,” answered Senator Sorghum, “and I often feel that a number of people love me for the enemies I have made.”—Washington Star.

Sympathy.

Probably the reader has heard voices which the following will recall to mind:

“I know Mr. Pidgeley is a good man,” said one of the members of the family after the caller had gone, “but it makes me so tired to hear him talk!”

“I know why it is,” said another member of the family. “You feel like clearing your throat all the time to help him out.”

Brain Work and Exercise.

Three hours of brain work will destroy more tissue than a day of physical exercise. Many men and women earn their living by their brains. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters makes the mind active and vigorous. This medicine is an appetizer and a cure for dyspepsia. A private stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

Thirteen thousand soldiers have left Cuba. This might seem to be an unlucky number, but it isn't.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, smarting, hot, aching feet. We have 30,000 testimonials. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

A Hyde park man says that he calls his wife jewel because she is so set.

“Be Strong in the Battle of Life.”

Happy is he who is prepared by perfect health, to win life's battle. Health comes only with absolutely pure blood. Over 90 per cent. of humanity have taints, or humors in the blood, which should be removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best specific for both sexes and all ages.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

RUPTURE

STRICTURE AND VARICOCELE CURED.

Without the use of Knife or Needle! Every case accepted absolutely cured.

Call or address DR. GORDIN, 514 Pine St. S. F. address Above Kearny.

Consultation and Examination Free.

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Is what the largest and best school systems use.

FISCHER'S CURE FOR

RUPTURE WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Remember that you can buy Jesse Moore A. A. Whiskey, for the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey. For sale by all first-class dealers and druggists.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

In Sweden there are floating canneries. They are small vessels, which follow fishing fleets, and men on them can the fish while they are fresh.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

Choice of Evils.

“Mrs. Smith, you don't seem to mind your two boys quarreling.”

“No. When they're quarreling, I know they're too busy to hatch up mischief.”—Chicago Record.

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Moore's Revealed Remedy

Aids the stomach in making rich, healthy blood. It aids digestion and builds up the nervous system. \$1 per bottle at your druggist's.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big 64 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of the throat, mouth, nose, or eyes. Previous condition, if any, must be noted.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

Alex McDonald, king of the Klondike, has failed for \$6,000,000. A fair sample of a frigid failure.

Over half a million squirrel tails have been paid for in the last two years in Tulare county, and the tale of tails is not yet told.

The San Francisco Chronicle pays a high but deserved tribute to city's imprisoned and poorly paid heroes who peril life and limb in battle with the fierce fire fiend.

India has passed forever from a silver to a gold country. Gold coinage now obtains in that oriental land where silver has been supreme for centuries.

San Francisco's welcome to the returning First Regiment will be such that the brave boys will know they are at home the moment they pass through the Golden Gate.

At San Juan Hill, Santiago, and more recently at San Mateo, in Luzon, the mettle of black American soldiers was tested and the record still reads: "Our colored troops fought nobly."

Cemetery expansion threatens to become the paramount issue in the upper end of this township. What with the big graveyards and the little ones, the silent city of the dead has extended itself uncomfortably close to Colma's front door.

The threat of the Boers to wreck the great gold mines of the Rand and destroy millions of private property in case of war, has a savage sound, which, if carried into execution, would prove them barbarous bores, instead of brave Boers.

The statement of the business done by the San Francisco Postoffice for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, shows an increase of nearly 10 per cent over the preceding year. These figures are the very best proof of solid business growth and of the prosperity of the city and State.

The so-called anti-expansion, but more properly speaking, anti-American press preachers, professors and politicians are making much ado about the condemnation of General Otis by the volunteers recently returned from fighting the insurgents in the Philippines. A count of those interviewed constitute less than 4 per cent of their respective commands, and less than the usual ratio of the disgruntled, discontented fault-finders of an army. In 1864 a larger per cent than this of the Union Army voted for McClellan and the Democratic platform declaring the war for the Union a failure, but no one pretends that this small detachment represented the sentiment of the Union soldiers.

But the test which is much more conclusive is the re-enlistment of a sufficient number of men from our volunteer forces in the Philippines to make up nearly two entire regiments. The per cent of re-enlistments will be found far in excess of the grumblers.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Colonel Bryan will be a Nebraska delegate to the next Democratic National Convention. It is to be presumed Mr. Bryan will be instructed for some candidate; now, then and all the time—possibly Mr. Gorman?—Coast Advocate.

Every Democratic weekly in the country has printed a column on "Creelman's plain talk" concerning the Philippine situation. Creelman has also distinguished himself by sending the Dewey and other interviews to the yellowest paper in New York, yet it now transpires that, like most of his previous work, the Creelman interviews were fairy tales and never occurred in fact. When a correspondent secures an unchallenged reputation as an international liar, it is always safe before swallowing his yarns, to wait a spell and see how much salting they require.—Coast Advocate.

THE MAN WITH THE HOSE.

(Written for the ENTERPRISE.)

Dear John, won't you water the garden? I'm so busy with canning the fruit, My loveliest blossoms are wilted, And my slips, love, will never take root. My roses, so hectic their flushes, And the dahlias, so sickly their hue, My fuschias swing limp on the bushes, And the corn-flowers all look so blue.

The hose—it hangs there by the kitchen— (Don't wait till the hour is too late) Just screw it up close on the faucet, You'll find by the front garden gate. John grappled the coil like a "Rosier," Like a "Wharf Rat" he flew to his fate, And he screwed his new hose on the faucet— The faucet close by the gate.

With a flourish he turns the water— Now wildly he screams for his spouse! Like a man that is drunk or demented, John staggering gropes through the house. So blue is the air in the kitchen— Can it be from the canning of fruit (?) John swears like a half-drowned pirate; Jane dubs him a fool and a brute.

Like the hose and the faucet mismatched, Her John and his Jane are at "outs"— John flouts at the flowers and the faucet, While Jane flouts at John as she pouts. They're together today in the parlor, On her face is the bloom of the rose; She has sweetest new bonnet for summer— Her John is exempt from the hose. DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

PRESS NOTES.

NEW HOMES FOR MILLIONS.

Reclamation of Arid Public Lands Feasible and Probable.

WATER STORED FOR DRY TIME.

U. S. Hydrographer Newell Tells How Great Wastes May Be Made to Blossom.

F. M. Newell, hydrographer in charge of the division of hydrography of the United States Geological Survey, lectured last evening at the Academy of Sciences upon "The Public Lands and Their Water Supply." Mr. Newell has made investigation covering ten years of study and experimentation along these lines and is an authority on the subject. He is Secretary of the National Geographic Society and holds the same office in the American Forestry Association in Washington, D. C. Mr. Newell said in part:

In the aggregate the public lands are equal in extent to one-third of the whole United States, exclusive of Alaska. They contain not only great tracts of forest, but millions of acres of grazing lands, and fertile soil adapted to agriculture save that of moisture. If this lack can be supplied the lands will be capable of sustaining a population equal to that east of the Mississippi.

The results of investigations carried on by the Geological Survey, to determine the quantity of water available for the reclamation of these great arid wastes, demonstrate that by a proper system of storage the flood waters could in part be held for use during times of drought. These investigations cover not only measurements of streams and computations of the daily flow through seasons and years, but also surveys of reservoir sites and estimates of the cost of construction and the benefits to be derived.

In California, the Sacramento river, the San Joaquin and many of its tributaries—such as the Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Merced and other streams—have been measured and the daily flow computed through several years. About fifty reservoir sites have been examined and a few have been surveyed with considerable detail, work now being in progress in Hetch-Hetchy valley. It is intended to continue these reservoir surveys systematically southward along the high Sierras as rapidly as the topographical maps of the region are completed. These latter give the altitude, catchment area and other important details to be considered in water conservation.

The information obtained by these surveys is being utilized by individuals and associations in planning works, but in California the magnitude of the problem and the legal conditions are such that comparatively little progress has been made. It is essential, if the best development of the State is to ensure, that California unite in pursuing some definite policy toward water conservation.

Much interest is being displayed at the present time, and organizations have been formed, to urge various schemes, but progress will be slow unless all our Western States combine for the common good.—S. F. Examiner.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

"They says" are usually liars. A good many "hustlers" don't hustle.

Do you want to reduce your weight? There is the harvest field.

Every man throws a rock now and then that he would like to have back in his hand.

A man who can be fooled the same way four times, is a fool.

The trouble with the average man is that he has no one to censor his talk.

You can make almost any congress man hide out by asking him what he has done since going to Washington.

What Labor needs to make it dignified, is an eight-hour-law applied to the mothers who work sixteen hours a day.

Some men spend their time in setting traps for themselves.

The proper length for a fashionable call is to hold the screen door open just long enough to let fly flies in.

A man never gets so well acquainted with his wife that her apologies to her guests for her cooking don't bewilder him.—Acheson Globe.

ONE SHOT MEANT WAR

BUT THE GERMANS WISELY REFRAINED FROM FIRING IT.

The Yankee Commander Leary Was Ready For the Fray and Proved Too Plucky and Tactful For His Opponent—A Story of Samoa.

The pluck and grit of American naval officers are aptly illustrated in an article by Henry Collins Welsh in *Ainslee's Magazine*, in which the writer tells how Commander Leary brought the German naval force in Samoa to terms some years ago. He says:

It was at the outbreak of civil strife that Captain Leary arrived at Apia in the American warship *Adams*. Dr. Knappe was then the German consul at Apia, and he and Commander Fritze of the German warship *Adler* carried on affairs with an imperious hand. Feeling ran high between the Germans on one hand and the Americans and English on the other. The Germans bombarded villages on various pretexts, fired upon unarmed natives and gave open aid to Tamasese.

Captain Leary at that time was a commander, and it was not long before he and Captain Fritze had some lively interchanges of compliments. On one occasion the *Adler* steamed past the American ship with a native chief bound to her foremast. The German saluted when he passed, but no answer came back from the American. Soon the German came to a standstill. A boat was dispatched to ascertain why the American had not answered the salute. Commander Leary sent the Teuton this characteristic reply, "The United States does not salute vessels engaged in the slave carrying trade."

But an incident which best illustrates Commander Leary's grit and determination and which deserves to live in song and story occurred in the waters near Apia on Nov. 15, 1888. Strained relations came to a crisis then, and war between the United States and Germany seemed inevitable.

On the day previous a message came from Mataafa to inform Commander Leary that the Germans had threatened to attack Mataafa in his stronghold on the morrow. Both Mataafa and Tamasese had entrenched themselves in fortified places about seven miles from Apia upon land under American protection. Mataafa asked for advice, and Commander Leary told him through the messenger to stand his ground, that he would not allow the German to make an attack upon property under his protection.

According to the German programme, the *Adler* was to bombard at dawn. Captain Leary quietly prepared to foil the plan, at the same time keeping his counsel. By using some hard coal he had aboard he was able to get up steam without the telltale smoke that would have warned the Germans of his action. Then he muffled his anchor chains with native mats, and at 4 in the morning all hands were quietly called to quarters. At daybreak the anchors of the *Adler* were hauled up and with full steam on the vessel made for the open sea. Noiselessly came up the Yankee's anchors, and to the amazement of the *Adler* the *Adams* was close upon her heels. The German had to turn to get out of the harbor, and by the time she reached the entrance the two ships were close together. Again the German turned and then headed toward the fort that was to be bombarded. Commander Leary ran his ship between the German and the shore and when about 300 yards from the *Adler* gave the order:

"Clear for action!"

At once the decks were cleared, and the guns were trained. The German followed suit, and the two ships steamed along the coast ready for the fray. A shot from either vessel meant war between the two countries. When opposite the native fort, the *Adler* came to anchor, and the *Adams* anchored between the German and the shore. So close were the vessels that no guns could be fired from the *Adler* without passing over or through the *Adams*. Then Commander Leary sent this note to the German commander:

"I have the honor to inform you that, having received information that American property in the Latoga vicinity of Lauli, Lotoanuu and Solo Solo is liable to be invaded this day, I am here for the purpose of protecting the same."

For hours the men stood at their guns, but no shot came from the Germans. He was ready to war upon the Samoans, but war with the United States was another matter.

At length the German started on a cruise along the coast, but he could not shake off the persistent Yankee. Finally he renounced his designs and returned to his anchorage in Apia bay. To her anchorage came also the *Adams*, and Commander Leary had won the game.

Landseer and the Dog Tax.

On one of Landseer's early visits to Scotland the great painter stopped at a village and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down rapid sketches of them on a piece of paper. Next day, on resuming his journey, he was horrified to find dogs suspended from trees in all directions, or drowning in the rivers, with stones around their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin, who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned to his dismay that he was supposed to be an excise officer who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes.

Helps Trade.

Whenever a young wife proposes to bake her own bread in order to save 5 cents a week, the man who has put on the market an infallible cure for dyspepsia smiles like a cat that has just eaten the canary.—Nauvoo Rustler.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

But Weary's Pard Found a Fatal Flaw in the Scheme.

"Pete," exclaimed Meandering Mike, "I'm gittin' res'less!" "Don't do it. Take t'ings easy while ye kin."

"Ever since I dropped into dat lecture hall last winter to git warm I've had somet'in on me mind, an I can't git it loose. It rangles in me conscience an overwhelms me wit' a re'liz' in sense of de resistlessness of fate. Dis life ain't nottin but one hard luck story any way you take it. But a man of brains kin sometimes git de best of de situation."

"Dat lecture mus' of sunk into yer system deep?" "It did. But I've got a scheme dat'll help out. De nex' time we takes a freight train we'll take one goin' east."

"What fur?" "Did you ever hear of velocity?" "Sure. Dey's got t'ree wheels, an de kitchens tries to run over you wit' 'em."

"Dat's close to, but not next. Velocity is what de world moves wit'. It's so many miles a second. We're goin' it all de time, shovin' from west to east, an when you t'inks ye're restin' it's only another delusion an a snare. Ye can't stop movin'."

"Well," asked Plodding Pete, disconcertedly, "what're you going to do about it?"

"Jes' what I told ye. De world's movin' from west to east. De only chance to neutralize de swiftness is to take a train goin' from east to west. I dunno as we kin hope fur any actual repose, but it's de only chance I see fur comin' anywhere near it."

"It's a bright idea, but it won't do."

"Why not?"

"It only works one way. We can't keep on ridin' west furever. An t'ink of de double exertion when we have to turn aroun an come de other way!" —Washington Star.

OLD SOL'S RIDE IN 1849.

Flowery Weather Predictions of the Journalists of Long Ago.

In these days of practical newspaper writing, in which bald facts are expressed in the plainest and tersest form, the flowery language indulged in by some of the "journalists" half a century ago sounds peculiar. The following poetic convulsion was copied by one of the local papers from the New York Tribune in 1849 as worthy of a high place in the newspaper literature of the day:

"On Saturday evening at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock the sun rode calmly and mildly over the autumnal equinox and cast his golden anchor on the wintry coast of autumn. But as yet the vast ocean of air through which he sails is glowing and transparent with the memory of the long summer days that have passed over it, darting their rich beams to its very depths. Even as we write, however, the remembrance fades, like the sky's blanching souvenirs of sunset, and in the distance the cold ghosts of winter glare and wave their frozen wings, which creak on icy hinges, while in the silence of midnight a prophetic voice of wailing and desolation moans fitfully at the casement."

Few people can contemplate this specimen of literary architecture without experiencing a feeling of awe and sadness, with a few cold shivers on the side. It is proof positive that the profession has in some things gained by what it has lost.—Albany Argus.

A Chair of Uncleism Needed.

Unclehood is about the hardest hood man has to wear, and, as I have observed uncles and their habits, they either spoil or repel the small chaps and chappesses who happen to be made their nephews and nieces by an accident of birth. Uncles are either intensely genial or intensely irritable, and as far as I am concerned it is my belief that our colleges should include in their curriculum a chair of "uncleism."

Unclehood is a relationship that man has to accept. It is thrust upon him. He can't help himself. To be a father or a mother is a matter of volition. But even in a free country like our own, if a man has a brother or a sister, he is liable to find himself an uncle at any time whether he wishes to be one or not. Then when it happens he's got to reason out a course of procedure without any basis in previous experience.—John Kendrick Bangs in *Woman's Home Companion*.

How to Make a Fountain Pen.

If you wish to make a fountain pen, take two ordinary steel pens of the same pattern and insert them in the common holder. The inner pen will be the writing pen. Between this and the outer pen will be held a supply of ink when they are once dipped into the inkstand that will last to write several pages of manuscript. It is not necessary that the points of the two pens should be very near together, but if the flow of ink is not rapid enough the points may be brought nearer by a bit of thread or minute rubber band.

Be Natural.

One of the surest ways to be awkward "in company" is to try to act differently from one's accustomed manner. If one's everyday manner is not good enough for company, then it should be changed, but the most delightful company manner is the natural manner when it is natural to be charming. One of the charms of an agreeable manner is to seem to be unaffected. Another is to listen appreciatively when others speak.—The Gentlewoman.

The clock at the houses of parliament is the largest in the world. The pendulum is 15 feet long. The hour bell is 8 feet high and 9 feet in diameter, and weighs nearly 10 tons. The hammer alone weighs more than 400 pounds.

An Awful Ordeal.

Once in a year, and at one place in the world, there is a crush that surpasses anything else of its kind in the world. It is the great fair of Bawa Farid, which is annually held in the town of Pak Pattan, in British India. It is held in honor of the famous St. Farid-ud-Din, surnamed Shakar Ganj, or sugar store, from the fact that his body had become so pure by continual fasting that whatever was put into his mouth, even earth and stones, was instantly changed into sugar.

The principal ceremony consists of passing through an opening made in a wall adjoining the shrine, measuring 5 feet by 2½ feet, and called "The Gates of Paradise."

Whoever between noon and night is able to pass through this opening is assured of paradise, and when there are 50,000 striving to pass through at the same time the crush is something terrific. Women faint, bones are broken, and the heat is stifling.

Resented.

"And how did you come to marry him?" "I didn't come to marry him," answered the womanly little woman indignantly, "he came to marry me."

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Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

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Well Appointed Billiard Parlor.

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Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and

Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE. South San Francisco.

TOWN NEWS.

Frank Holcomb paid our town a visit on Tuesday.

Harold C. Brown is at Lompoc and says he will be back here in a couple of months.

Tom Benner's Court Saloon has been provided with a rear entrance from Linden avenue.

The subject of incorporation is again occupying the attention of the good people of Colma.

The friends of Jno. B. Wallace will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly improving in health at St. Mary's Hospital.

Five thousand young rainbow trout will be at once placed in the headwaters of Pescadero creek.—Coast Advocate.

The past week has been crowded full of sensation in the north end of this township, murder being closely followed by arson.

Walter Noel was in town on a flying visit on Wednesday, after an absence of some two years. Walter is at present located at Seattle, but intends going into the Klondike soon.

Gov. Gage has appointed C. R. Splivalo or Belmont and W. S. Hobart of San Mateo directors of Agricultural District No. 5, constituting San Mateo and Santa Clara counties.—Coast Advocate.

Found. — Near the Postoffice, in South San Francisco, Cal., on Wednesday, August 16, 1899, a gentleman's emblematic pin. The owner can recover same by calling at the Postoffice and giving description.

On Wednesday Mr. W. E. Barber, formerly station agent of the Southern Pacific Company at Woodland, arrived and assumed his duties as railway station agent at this place, succeeding Mr. O. M. Howard, transferred to Elmira, Cal.

Miss Mamie Flynn of Oakland, Miss May Flynn of San Francisco and Miss Maggie Walsh of Pennsylvania, were the guests of Mrs. Minnie Jones at the Baden Hotel on Tuesday and Wednesday. Miss Walsh attended the convention of teachers recently held at Los Angeles. A party was given by Mrs. Jones in honor of her guests on Tuesday evening and a gay and happy evening spent in music, dancing and social jollity.

Following is a list of the ten largest taxpayers, with the property valuation of each, as found upon the assessment rolls of this county: Spring Valley Water Co., \$2,250,000; D. O. Mills, \$292,280; Southern Pacific Co. (est), \$250,000; South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., \$249,125; Timothy Hopkins, \$177,700; Occidental Land and Improvement Co., \$147,000; Mrs. C. Hayward, \$144,700; Crocker Estate Co., \$134,800; Jane L. Stanford, \$116,500; Mrs. A. M. Parrott, \$116,295.—Coast Advocate.

Editor Enterprise: Progress Camp intends to give a musical, vocal and theatrical entertainment on or about the 30th day of September. All particulars later.

The members of Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, will turn out with the different Woodmen Camps of this State in the procession for the reception of the California Volunteers at San Francisco.

The railroad will give reduced rates and afford ample facilities.

It is expected that about 900 Woodmen will participate in this procession. V. H.

Don't be a knocker. If your neighbor is prosperous, let him prosper. Don't grunt, growl or grumble. Say a good word for him and let it go at that. Don't be a knocker. Your turn will come. No one man is the whole show. If you see the town is moving along nicely, feel good about it. Help things along; shove a little; push. Try and get some of the benefit yourself.

Don't stand around like a chilly old oadver. Don't waste your time feeling sore because some fellow has a little more sand and sense than you have. Do a little hustling yourself. If you can say a good word, say it like a prince. If you are full of bile and disposed to say something mean, keep your mouth shut.

Don't be a knocker. No man ever made a dollar by knocking. No man ever got rich or happy by knocking. No man ever got rich or happy minding everybody's business but his own. When you give up a kind word give liberally; it won't cost you a cent, and you may want one yourself some day.

You may have money today, and not the price of a shave next year. So don't be a knocker. You can't afford it; it won't pay; there's nothing in it. If you want to throw something at somebody, throw cologne or flowers; don't throw brick or mud. If you must kick, go around behind the barn and take a good kick at yourself, for if you feel that way you're the man that needs kicking—but whatever you do, don't be a knocker.—Ike Abrams, in Coast Advocate.

THE IMSAND MURDER.

On Monday morning last, at about 3:30 o'clock, Joseph I. Imsand left his home containing his wife and five little children, on his daily trip into the city of San Francisco, to bring out a wagon-load of swill for his hogs. Proceeding on his way at a few minutes before 4 o'clock, he had reached the corner of Second avenue and Castle street, in Colma, and within a hundred yards of the main Mission San Jose road, where he was waylaid by a pair of cowardly assassins and murdered in cold blood. Two shots were heard in the vicinity of the murder by Peter Faber, Jr., the first shot sounding like the report of a rifle and the second like that of a shotgun. The

rifle shot evidently missed, but the charge of buckshot from the shotgun reached its victim, striking Mr. Imsand in the left shoulder and breast, several of the shot penetrating the left lung. The first shot was fired at the corner of Second avenue and Castle street, the assassin being concealed by trees growing along the street at that point. This shot missed and the team, doubtless frightened by the report of the gun, lurched and threw the wheel of the wagon against the fence, as could be seen by a broken board. About thirty yards further up the street, towards Mission road, is a man hole, where assassin No. 2 was concealed, armed with a deadly shotgun, loaded with the fatal charge of buckshot, which ended the life of poor Joe Imsand. After this shot the team went but a few steps further when it turned and started back on the road to Imsand's home, Second avenue, near Market. The horses ran in between a tree and the fence on one side of the street and were held fast. Here, at 5:30 o'clock, the body was found by Fred Snyder, the right leg caught in the brake of the wagon and the body hanging over the wheel, the head near the ground, and life extinct.

The general opinion in Colma and the north end of the township is that the crime was committed by members of the Mitchell family, negroes, with whom Imsand had very serious trouble in April, 1898, at which time Wm. Mitchell, Sr. and David and Wm. Mitchell Jr., sons of Mitchell Sr., attacked Imsand with pistols and guns and drove him into his house, upon which they continued to fire with rifle shotgun and pistols until the house was riddled with bullets. For this cause the Mitchells were held to answer in the Superior Court, where, after two trials resulting in a disagreement of the jury in each instance, the cases were dismissed.

Prior to the shooting, Wm. Mitchell Sr. had commenced a civil action for damages against Imsand, relative to some change of the course of a water way or some such matter, alleging damages in the sum of \$1000. This suit was recently decided against Mitchell and it is alleged that this revived the old bitterness or rather intensified it. Furthermore it is claimed that Imsand did not have an enemy in the country besides the Mitchell negroes. The three Mitchells were promptly placed under arrest by Sheriff Mansfield and locked up in the county jail at Redwood City. On Monday night or Tuesday morning the Mitchell dwelling was burned to the ground with its contents. It is charged by Mrs. Mitchell that she arrived at her home from San Francisco shortly after midnight of Monday to find her house in flames, and that on the way, a short distance only from the fire, she met two men and two women, whom she recognized and can identify in court. Upon the other hand, it is stated by the man who went to the Imsand home on Monday night to guard it and the newly-made widow and five orphan children from harm, that a lone woman fired the building; that it was burned to obtain the insurance, and torch applied by Mrs. Mitchell. The Mitchell dwelling was only about 100 yards from, and in plain view of, the Imsand house.

There was no evidence before the Coroner's jury to connect the Mitchells or any one else with this terrible crime, and the following verdict was rendered:

"We, the jurors impaneled and sworn by E. E. Cunningham, a Justice of the Peace and acting Coroner of San Mateo county, State of California, this 14th day of August, 1899, to inquire into the cause of death and identity of the body to us exhibited and now before us, do find as follows:

"That the name of the dead was Joseph I. Imsand, a native of Switzerland, aged 39 years, and by occupation a ranchman. That he came to his death on Second avenue, near Market street, in the town of Colma, State of California, at about 3:45 o'clock a. m. of August 14, 1899, from the effects of gunshot wounds inflicted by parties to us unknown."

Signed: H. K. Magoon, H. A. Smith, B. S. Green, Gustav Lorenz, John Tiedeman, George Raon and Robert Carroll.

The funeral was held on Thursday, August 17, 1899, and the mortal remains of Joseph I. Imsand were consigned to mother earth in Holy Cross Cemetery.

TRIAL JURORS.

The following trial jurors were drawn last week and ordered to appear in the Superior Court Monday, September 18th:

H. M. Jewell, E. Danieri, Charles L. Gould, B. A. Rankin, D. W. Donnelly, R. C. Merrill, F. S. Knowles, George P. Schaefer, Louis Taril, Joseph Azevedo, D. R. Reardon, W. W. Hull, E. Schubert, M. Moran, M. K. Doyle, M. O'Reilly, David Barre, E. M. Hawkins, Wm. Chappell, W. G. Thompson, Matthew Crow, Jesse Penton, Fred Botsch, James F. Ralston, John Weigel, G. C. Nahmens, J. C. Eikerenkotter, Wm. Rehberg, L. M. Cahill, J. G. Jorgensen, E. Dakin, P. J. Maloney, Wm. Holden, John Sears, James Burke, Joseph Paridi, J. W. Fisher, R. G. Bailey, A. J. Beer, Daniel Regan, Patrick Lenehan, Charles G. Steele, Joseph McCormick, J. H. O'Keefe, Eugene O'Neill, Alex. Moore, H. Nelson, A. R. Kirkpatrick, Thomas Lindsay, J. Valladao.—Coast Advocate.

Her Dear Friend.

Emma—Charley asked me to marry him last evening, and I had to refuse him, the dear fellow.
Ella—How did it happen?
Emma—Of course I like Charley, but as to marrying him—
Ella—I mean how did it happen that he asked you?—Boston Transcript.

UNION COURSING PARK.

Royal Flush Captures the Big Stake.

KID MCCOY DOES REMARKABLE WORK.

PETRONIUS OUTFOOTS PRINCE HAL IN A SPECIAL EVENT.

Talent Has One of Its Prosperous Days.—Statesman Dumps the Wise Ones.

Royal Flush captured the big stake at Union Park Sunday, defeating the clever little Mountain Beauty in the final after a fine days' sport. It was a favorite's day as there were few upsets, although in the special stake the talent received a jar by the defeat of the 6-to-1 favorite, Statesman, by Revolver.

To a standstill the week before, Kid McCoy took three courses Sunday in fine style. In his third course he put out Master Clair after a long hard-working race, in which the Clair had the better of it in the first part. When at the end of three minutes a fresh dog was released Kid McCoy kept working the game. The three dogs could not catch the hare, and a fourth one had a hard time to do the trick. The course lasted 3 minutes and 54 seconds.

A feature of the morning races was the terrific drive of Mialmo in her course with Maud S. She led to the game, drove wild, but came in again with a wonderful burst of speed and picked the hare almost out of Maud S.'s mouth. In a special stake of sixteen dogs Petronius won from Prince Hal in a fine course.—S. F. Chronicle.

He Made a Sale.

A big down town department store has a young man employed as rug salesman who at times evinces genius in the highest degree.

Into the store there recently came a South Side society woman well known for nervousness and a tendency to flounder about in her topics of conversation. She desired a rug of a certain size. The young man got down two or three to show her. In the middle of his explanation as to quality and price she turned away and began to examine goods on a neighboring counter. Then she went back to the young man and wanted to look at some more rugs. He started to spread one out, when she returned the third time, he had a stool placed in an angle of the counter and suggested that perhaps she would be seated while he got the rug.

When she had taken her seat, he spread the rug so that it effectually blocked the angle and prevented her escape. He held up the edge of the rug farthest from her so she couldn't walk over it, and so kept her penned up while he explained how fine a rug it was. She made two or three attempts to get down, but with no success, and finally bought the rug to obtain her release.—Chicago News.

A Marvel of the East.

Among other feats in the east the learning by heart of the Koran is very widespread. Not only men, but women and children, can be found who can repeat the holy book from beginning to end without a mistake. Taking it in round numbers, the Koran contains, together with the additions, which are included in the recitation, some 60,000 words. This is about the length of an average up to date novel, but, unlike the novel, there are no connecting links—the whole book being a confused and much mutilated jumble—to enable the reciter to remember. To make the least error would be a deadly sin, yet even children can go through it.

But this is not all. For an Arabic child to recite the Koran is wonderful enough, no doubt, but he understands what he is saying—it is not to him an unknown language—but for a child of another nation to recite it from beginning to end, without understanding the words he is saying, is a much more wonderful feat of memory, and very few of those outside Arabia who can recite the Koran know more than a few of the simplest words, if they know those.

Parnell's Ghosts.

As you are always glad to hear about haunted houses in Ireland, writes a correspondent, may I add a curious story with regard to the home of the late Irish leader? The story is made more credible by the fact that there was something in the late Charles Stewart Parnell's majestic isolation which reminded one strangely of the gloomy grandeur of the mountains surrounding his home. In the square entrance hall there is a billiard table, and the story is that the ghosts of the old house amuse themselves in this spot after nightfall. No matter how the billiard balls are left upon the cloth at the time the household retires, they will be found in a different position the next morning.—M. A. P.

A Translation.

"In one of the schools of this city," says the Worcester Gazette, "the teacher, intending to relieve the monotony of the regular exercises, asked the pupils if they would not like to sing. Of course there was an instant clamor in the affirmative, and then the teacher asked what song they would prefer. One little boy, in his eagerness to make the selection, spluttered out something which the teacher did not catch. Turning to the boy across the aisle, she asked what Johnnie said. 'Please,' came the unexpected answer, 'he says he wants to sing 'His Country, 'Tis of Him.'"

Birds as Ventriloquists.

Many birds form their sounds without opening their bills. The pigeon is a well known instance of this. Its cooing can be distinctly heard, although it does not open its bill. The call is formed internally in the throat and chest and is only rendered audible by resonance. Similar ways may be observed in many birds and other animals. The clear, loud call of the cuckoo, according to one naturalist, is the resonance of a note formed in the bird. The whirring of the snipe, which betrays the approach of the bird to the hunter, is an act of ventriloquism. Even the nightingale has certain notes which are produced internally and which are audible while the bill is closed.

Did you ever notice how the man who is too lazy to knock the ashes from his cigar will have to spend several moments later in brushing them off his clothes?—Cambridge Press.

We apprehend that black cats, take them rough and running, have brought more fleas than good luck.—Detroit Journal.

WANTED.

A young man to learn the barber's trade. Apply at Postoffice, South San Francisco, San Mateo county, Cal. *

Dr. W. C. Wilcox, Dentist, from Redwood City, will be in South San Francisco the last week of each month. All work guaranteed and done at city prices. Painless filling and extraction of teeth a specialty. Wait for the Doc. *

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices firm.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at uneven but strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at strong prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are for (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 fat grass steers 8½¢@9¢; second quality, 8¢@8½¢. Thin steers 7¢@8¢. No. 1 Cows and Heifers 7¢@7½¢. No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6½¢@7¢. Thin cows, 5¢@6¢. Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over 5½¢@6¢; under 130 lbs. 6¢ rough heavy hogs, 4½¢@5¢.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3½¢@3¾¢; Ewes, 3½¢@3¾¢. Lambs, 4½¢@4¾¢ live wt.

Calves—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 5¢@5½¢. Over 250 lbs 4¢@4½¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 7½¢@8¢; second quality, 7¢@7½¢; Third quality 6½¢; First quality cows and heifers, 6½¢@7¢; second quality, 6¢@6½¢; Third quality, 5¢@5½¢. Veal—Large, 7½¢@8¢; small, 9¢@10¢. Mutton—Wethers, 7¢@7½¢; ewes, 6½¢@7¢; Spring Lambs, 8¢@8½¢.

Dressed Hogs—Hard, 8½¢@9¢. PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¢; picnic hams, 9¢; Atlanta ham, 9¢; New York shoulder, 9¢.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 13¢; light S. C. bacon, 11½¢; med. bacon, clear, 8½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9¢; clear light, 10¢; clear ex. light, 11¢.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$14 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 50; Family beef, bbl, \$14 50; hf-bbl, \$7 50; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 00.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7½¢; do, light, 8¢; do, Bellies, 9¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16 50; hf-bbls, \$8 50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 25; do, kits, \$1 20.

Lard—Prices are \$1 25: Tcs. ¾¢-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 6 6¼¢ 6¼¢ 6¼¢ 6¼¢ 6¼¢ Cal. pure 7 7½¢ 7½¢ 7½¢ 8 8½¢ In 5-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2 10; 1s \$1 15; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 10; 1s, \$1 15.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

SKATING RINK

Will be Open Every

Tuesday and Saturday Evening's.

Saturday Afternoon's For Ladies and Children only.

General Admission - 10 Cents, USE OF SKATES, 15 CENTS.

W. E. GILMAN P. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINES, LIQUORS

CIGARS

Tanfaran Park, South San Francisco, Cal. Western Turf Race Track.

A Home Story In a Few Words

Pay rent during the next few years and your total investment will bring you what? Nothing.
Pay for a home on monthly installments during the same years, and your total investment will bring you what? A HOME, all paid for.
It will cost you exactly the same rent money you would have been paying your landlord, but it will give you a deed in a few years to the home that will always be your own. Buy a home while you are young and it will be a great comfort to yourself and family in your old age. It will relieve you from the constant burden of paying rent.

JACOB HEYMAN & SON, 19 Montgomery Street, OWNERS AND BUILDERS.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

AT KILN PRICES

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money. Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

W. T. RHOADS, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

Plans Furnished. Buildings Erected.

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

LEAVE ORDERS AT POST OFFICE.

South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between J. Jorgenson and George R. Hudson, under the firm name and style of Jorgenson & Hudson, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All bills receivable on the books of said firm on June 1st, 1899, will be paid to George R. Hudson. All bills against said firm for liquors and cigars will be paid by J. Jorgenson. Dated South San Francisco, Cal., June 1st, 1899. J. JORGENSEN. GEO. R. HUDSON.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

VENUS OIL CO.

GEO. IMHOFF, PROP.

DEALER IN THE BEST

Eastern Coal Oil

Gasoline.

Coal Oil and Gasoline at Lowest Market Prices.

Leave Orders at

Drug Store,

GRAND AVENUE.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHENFELDER: Proprietor.

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

South San Francisco, Cal.

BLAIR, THE REGULAR.

Blair, the regular, wounded lay
On the slope of San Juan hill;
Near by were two of the volunteers,
Bleeding and faint and still;
And farther up, in a palm-tree hid,
A Spaniard with deadly gun
Took cruel aim at the men below,
Dropping them one by one.

One volunteer, with a feeble hand,
Fought with the plagues of flies;
It told the fact of lingering life
To the Spaniard's watchful eyes.
He raised his gun to his shoulder then,
And a bullet sang afar;
It hit the hat of the wounded man,
Who lay on the left of Blair.

Another! The boy on the right hand
Winced.
And uttered a moan of pain;
Another! Blair looked at his reddened
blouse.

And muttered, "I'm hit again,
But there's one more load in my old
gun."
His brow grew black with a frown—
"And I vow I'll shoot that Spanish brute,
Who fires on men that are down."

Weak were his hands as he raised his
gun,
But steady his eye and aim;
Soon, round the trunk of the shielding
palm,
The head of the Spaniard came;
Then up from the slope the Springfield
spoke
And answered the Mauser well;
Blair, the regular, grimly smiled
As the Spaniard shrieked and fell.

The volunteer who lay on the left
Moaned "Water!" again and again.
Said Blair, "By making a double-quick
I may capture a full canteen."
So, firmly shutting his whitening lips,
He crept where the Spaniard lay,
Secured the prize and crawled slowly
back—
Ah, painful and long seemed the way!

"You first," said both of the volunteers,
As he held out the full canteen;
They saw his blood-stained blouse, and
they knew
Right well what its cost had been;
Blair could but whisper to answer them,
One hand on his bleeding side,
"You fellows have homes somewhere,"
said he,
"I'm a regular." Then he died.

Sidney of England, make room! Make
room
In thy niche of courtly fame,
While side by side with thine own we
write
Another nobleman's name!
Blair, the regular! Homeless no more
Since thy death's heroic day;
Thy name and the fame of thy gallant
deed
Are home in our hearts for aye.
—Youth's Companion.

MY GIRL.

66 YES, darling, I give you my
secret to keep. I hide it all
under your warm, pink hand.
It will not disturb your innocent sleep.
But you'll wake, and find it, and under-
stand."

I fancy it was some adaptation of a
familiar poem that crept into my brain
just then.

I was at home on a college vacation,
young and hopeful and ambitious. I
had not thought much about girls—
surely nothing of marriage—for I was
only twenty then, and, naturally, a stu-
dent.

But there was a girl at mother's this
wonderful summer time of which I
write.

A girl with soft, intense brown eyes,
and a pale, delicate face, relieved by a
brilliant scarlet mouth, and dark, fine
hair. I never knew—do not know to
this day, whether that girl was hand-
some or not, but she charmed me. I
should have been content to sit still all
day long and stare at her.

Every tone of her voice was music,
every word concentrated wisdom. At
least that was what I thought then,
and I did not intend to be spoony.

I suppose I had a little respect for
spooniness as any young fellow in
town.

But that girl—she made me forget all
at once to be a boy. She would talk in a
clear, plain way about duty and work
to be done, and I would listen with
varying color and quick-coming breath,
as though an oracle had spoken. Then I
opened my books, and set about re-
viewing my studies, with a grand am-
bition born somewhere among her
words, differing entirely from the
schoolboy ambition I had felt before.

Once I studied to keep a high place
in my class, to please mother, and in
order that some day I might graduate
with high honors.

Now, I felt that there were certain
truths hidden in nature which I ought
to discover; great stores of knowledge
waiting for me to win; heights and
depths of science yet unexplored, and
the great mass of humanity to be
taught, raised, elevated, that the world
might be a better world for my life and
labors upon it.

Oh, the days that I dreamed out
grandly in those first awakenings of
scholarly hope and pride. And all for
her sake, who floated about the old
house like a glimpse of light, never
seeming to make the slightest effort
for power or influence, and yet bring-
ing hope and sunshine wherever she
moved.

It was while I was thus charmed and
dazed by her sweet presence that the
dream of love came to me, and I
thought how pleasant home would be
if she could always brighten and bless
it with her presence, and so I wrote
her a long, long letter, which, when
finished, seemed so very formal and
stupid that I dreaded to think how a
little, quiet laugh might lurk about her
beautiful mouth, or a surprised, half

angry frown creep across her fair
brows, if she ever read it.

Then I determined to commit the
whole thing to memory, and repeat it
to her at some convenient time, won-
dering if I could make her believe it
a mere extemporaneous burst of elo-
quence.

There was not much burst about it,
as I concluded when I came to rehearse
it; but she was so plain and practical,
perhaps she would like it better. I
thought, than any amount of rhetorical
flourish. It certainly evinced earnest-
ness and determination, for I had
thrown into it all the force of a college
essay, with more heart than any essay
ever held. So I waded patiently through
the whole four pages, and then waited
and watched my chance. I did not dare
ask her to walk with me, and there was
never a possibility of finding her alone
anywhere about the house, for when
she was not with mother, Tommy, my
younger brother, was sure to be hang-
ing around, and there was no use in
trying to talk sentiment with his sharp
ears on the alert to catch every word,
however softly spoken. I do not know
what kindly fate prompted my wander-
ings, one warm, bright afternoon, but
out in the orchard I found her, my
heart's queen, fast asleep in the ham-
mock I had hung low between two
gnarled old apple trees, with one hand
holding the book she had been reading,
and the other half closed beneath her
pale, pretty face.

In an instant I had forgotten reason
and argument. I tore a leaf from my
note book and wrote on it only "I love
you." Oh, strange epitome of life! This
I folded carefully, then slipped it as
carefully into her hand and walked
away, saying softly:

"You will wake and find it, and under-
stand,

And all unawares will your answer be
given.

For I shall be watching your dreamy
eyes.

My fair queen lily, my glimpse of
heaven."

Then I climbed into the nearest tree,
where I could see her plainly.
She woke soon—woke with a flutter-
ing of her white eyelids and a quick,
soft sigh.

The folded paper rustled beneath her
hand as she raised herself on one
elbow; she drew it out listlessly and
read: "I love you." I saw the puzzled
look on her face give place to a soft,
rosy glow—such a wondering, happy
look; then she glanced shyly around,
slipped out of her swinging couch and
walked away.

I climbed into the nest she had left
and lay there dreaming for hours, quiet
content to know that she did not reject
my love, and that she fully understood
it, for I was sure I had heard her mur-
mur: "What a strange, shy child he is,"
and I had chuckled all to myself, say-
ing: "Ah, little motherly woman, I am
afraid you will find him a forward
child to manage, but he means to grow
gentle and good for your sake."

I knew it would not be right to bind
her to any promise. She was so young,
and I had still two years of college life
before me, but I treated her with a new
deference which she returned with a
shy sweetness that made her seem
more charming than ever. Only a few
days passed in this way, and then vaca-
tion was ended and I must needs
return to college walls and written
pages once again, thus shutting out
that sweet, bright page of real life.

But only for a little time, I said to
myself, until I can return and claim
her.

I bade her good-by as she stood by
mother's side in the old porch, and
with sudden, unintentional earnestness
I thanked her for the beauty she had
lent to the beautiful summer, and the
new interpretation of life and labor,
her brave, clear words had given. The
tears filled her soft, bright eyes, she
gave my hand a last, warm, clinging
clasp, and so I left her.

The next year I went traveling with
a class of boys to teach them survey-
ing, and so for two years I did not see
my dear old home, and only heard
from my darling at irregular intervals,
when mother would mention her name,
"Clarice is well." "Clarice wishes to
be remembered," and that was all. I
saw her at "Commencement," my cool,
fresh lily, in that crowded rose garden,
and then I hastened home, only to
learn that she, my darling, was to be
married in a week to my brother Tom.
They had only waited for me to be with
them.

Oh! how I cursed his round, fat face,
his big, blue eyes, his bronze-bright,
curling hair.

I wandered out to the orchard and
threw myself on the grass alone.

I heard the soft rustle of her dress,
and springing up with a burst of pas-
sion that would not be suppressed I
took both her hands in mine and said:
"Clarice, darling, you surely knew
that I loved you."

"No, oh, no!" she answered, with a
horrible look.

"But the slip of paper I left in your
hands two years ago."

"I thought it was from Tom," she
said, dreadingly. "And the bitterest
moment of my life was when—last night—
I learned—"

"But it is not too late now," I urged.
"You may, you must, be mine." For
one instant her face flushed pink, like
the deep, sweet heart of a rose. Then
the white, tense look came back.—New
York News.

Greatest Act of Devotion.
Major Marchand, the explorer, has
received from the French Academy of
Moral and Political Sciences the Au-
dard prize of 15,000 francs "for the
greatest act of devotion of any kind." About the same time the French gov-
ernment bestowed upon his sister,
Mlle. Marchand, the right to keep a to-
bacco shop in the Rue de la Tour d'Au-
vergne, in Paris.

NAME RECALLS A TRAGEDY.

Stream in Colorado Christened by
Spaniards The River of Lost Souls.

When Spain owned all Mexico and
Florida, as the vast region of the Mis-
sissippi Valley was called long before
the United States had an existence as
a separate government, the command-
ing officer at Santa Fe received an or-
der to open communication with the
country of Florida. For this purpose
an infantry regiment was selected. It
left Santa Fe rather late in the season
and wintered at a point on the old
trail now known as Trinidad. In the
spring the colonel, leaving all camp
followers behind him, both men and
women, marched down the stream,
known to the Mexicans as the River
le Purgatoire, but to the Americans in
Colorado, through which the river
flows, as the "Picketwire," which flows
for many miles through magnificent
canyons. Not one of the regiment re-
turned or was ever heard of. When
all hope had departed from the wives,
children and friends left behind at
Trinidad, information was sent to
Santa Fe and a mail went up through
the land. The priests and people then
called this stream "El Rio de las Ani-
mas Perdidas" ("the river of lost souls").
Years after, when the Spanish power
was weakened and French trappers
came into the country under the aus-
pices of the fur companies, they
adopted a more concise name; they
called the river "Le Purgatoire." Then
came the great American bullwhacker.
Utterly unable to twist his tongue into
any such Frenchified expressions, he
called the stream with the sad story
"Picketwire," and by that name it is
known to all frontiersmen, trappers
and the settlers along its banks.

An Animal Parade.
In the year 1874, at the suggestion of
Miss Elizabeth Morris, the idea was
originated in Philadelphia to found a
refuge for homeless and suffering ani-
mals of all sorts, says the Philadelphia
Times. The Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Animals could prevent,
but were unable to obviate or alleviate.
They had no home. So Miss Morris
and some women friends, in conjunc-
tion with the women's branch of the
Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., the latter con-
sented to pay the salary of an agent
if the others would collect funds for
the maintenance of the work, founded
what is known as the Morris Refuge
Association. From this small begin-
ning originated the first and at the
present time the only institution in the
world receiving any and every species
of animal needing shelter.

As the society and its work became
known it won many friends and in
1897, through the munificence of Mrs.
George McClellan, a new and enlarged
home was purchased, built on a lot 47
feet wide with a depth of 375 feet. It
has a stable with three rooms, one con-
taining stalls for two horses, one for a
wagon and another in every respect
suitable for dogs.

The yard is floored with concrete on
a slight slope and one portion of it is
divided into four inclosures to separate
the different sized dogs. In each of the
inclosures a small shed has been erect-
ed to shelter the animals from the heat
and under these stand the comfortable
kennels filled with clean straw. At
the far end of the yard are two more
inclosures, one of which is grass-
grown, in which the dogs are taken to
exercise twice or three times a day. In
the course of last year 138 dogs were
taken to the temporary home, for
forty-two of which permanent homes
were found. Many of them were
boarders, and there are now nineteen
in the home.

Wouldn't Scare.

He looked as if he had not seen a
cake of soap for several days, and the
soft blue of his eyes looked like a bit
of sky gleaming from sullen clouds.
He was a little fellow of perhaps 11
years, but he was walking down Wood-
ward avenue as if he had the world at
his feet, whistling "My Girl's a High-
born Lady" with all his might. When
he came to the bed of pansies in the
Grand Circus park he did not stop, but
walked deliberately along to the end
of the bed and on to the grass. Then
he stooped down and reached over,
picking one of the flowers.

"Here, what are you doing?" shouted
a passerby who wanted to scare the lit-
tle fellow.

"Picking pansies," was the reply, and
he picked several more blossoms.

"Don't you know that that is against
the law? The policeman will arrest
you if you don't look out."

"Ah, go on. You can't scare me. This
ain't no April fool day, and they ain't
no copper around. These is for my
girl." This last was said with a sar-
castic grin. Then he gathered up his
handful of pansies and started on down
the avenue, whistling "My Girl's a
Highborn Lady."—Detroit Free Press.

Origin of Quarantine.

In the fourteenth century one-fourth
of the population of Europe are com-
puted to have died of the bubonic
plague, introduced from the East. The
first measures to check its spread were
adopted by the city of Venice, which
appointed in 1348 three guardians of
the public health. In 1403 Venice es-
tablished a lazaret, or contagious dis-
ease hospital, on a small island adjoin-
ing the city. This was the beginning
of quarantine. The word itself means
"forty," and implies forty days, the pe-
riod of detention imposed on vessels at
this first Venetian quarantine.

Short-Lived Teeth.

A dental authority declares that it is
not uncommon at the present time to
find infants with decayed teeth, and
girls of 14 or 16 wearing artificial
teeth.

China a Heavy Borrower.

According to the London Statist, the
Chinese government has borrowed in
Europe since 1894 \$278,775,000.

Protect Our Food.

The doctors inform us that alum is
a poison, and that alum baking pow-
ders should be avoided because they
make the food unwholesome. Promi-
nent hygienists, who have given the
matter most study, regard these pow-
ders as an evil that should be sup-
pressed by state action. In Minnesota
and Wisconsin alum powders are not
permitted to be sold unless they are
branded to warn consumers of their
true character, while in the District of
Columbia the authorities have, under
the direction of Congress, adopted
regulations to prohibit the use of
alum in bread altogether.

Are not the people of other states,
as well as those of Minnesota and
Wisconsin, entitled to warning of a
danger which is apparently menacing
them at close hand, and is not the
whole country entitled to absolute
protection, as the people of the Dis-
trict of Columbia are protected, by
legislation which is entirely prohibi-
tive?

Until we can have protection in the
form of a statute, how can our state
boards of health, state analysts or food
commissions better serve the public
than by publishing in the newspapers
from time to time the names of the
baking powders which they find to be
made from alum?

Meantime, it will aid the housewife
in designating the alum powders to
remember that all powders sold at
twenty-five cents or less per pound are
of this dangerous class. Pure cream
of tartar powders are usually sold at
from forty-five to fifty cents a pound.

Strange French Laws.
A trial has just taken place at Paris
which may serve as a warning to
American tourists visiting France.

A well to do man of perfectly clean
record and good social position named
Froment Adolot has been sentenced to
two months' imprisonment for wear-
ing, without right, in the buttonhole of
his coat, the tiny bow of red ribbon
usually worn by the knights of the
French Legion of Honor.

You can buy them for a few cents in
any of the shops devoted to the sale of
insignia of European orders, and I
have known of not a few English and
American tourists who, seeing a num-
ber of people wearing these little bows
of red ribbon in their buttonholes, did
likewise.

This, however, entails heavy pen-
alties, and it is punished by the authori-
ties as the illegal wearing of the in-
signia of the national orders.

It must be thoroughly understood
that even supposing any American be-
longs to some patriotic or other society
here in the United States, the insignia
of which comprises a bow or button of
red ribbon worn in the buttonhole, he
cannot wear it in France without risk-
ing jail.—Washington Post.

The Curious Cassowary.

Every explorer who visits the Aus-
tralian islands discovers a new kind
of cassowary. None of these birds
possesses any wings to speak of, and
their bodies are clothed with dense
masses of curious, hairlike feathers.
According to a recent traveler, these
feathers are put to a very remarkable
use.

When a cassowary feels hungry—so
the legend runs—it wades out into a
stream until only its head and neck are
above water and spreads out its long
plumes on either side. Numbers of un-
sophisticated little fishes immediately
mistake these for a new kind of water
weed and nestle confidently up to the
motionless cassowary for shelter.

Then that artful bird suddenly
presses his feathers close against his
body, walks ashore and shakes out his
prisoners on the bank; so that he not
only enjoys a delightful bath, but ob-
tains an excellent meal into the bar-
gain.

The Rat That Sailed.

A rat was caught alive on board a
naval vessel in a trap, and the beast
was thrown from the trap into the wa-
ter without being killed. A large gull
that was following in the wake of the
ship to pick up scraps of food thrown
overboard by the steward swooped
several times, endeavoring to pick the
rat up. Once the bird got too close to
the rat's jaws, and the beast grabbed it
by the neck. After a short fight the
rat succeeded in killing the bird. When
the gull was dead, the rat scrambled
upon the bird's body, and, hoisting one
wing as a sail and using the other as
a rudder, succeeded in steering for the
shore. Whether the rat reached shore
or not is the question, since the ship
soon got out of sight of the skipper
and its craft.

It Grades Down.

When a girl's engagement to an out-
of town man is reported, it is first
said that she is to marry a king. As
time progresses the girl's mother con-
fesses that the young man is a prince.
It leaks out later that he works on a
salary and has to work Saturday
nights, and later, just before the wed-
ding, no one is surprised at learning
that he is a clerk and gives dancing
lessons on the side to make a living.—
Atchison Globe.

Whale Tooth Coin.

Whales' teeth form the coinage of
the Fiji Islands. They are painted
white and red, the red teeth being
worth about 20 times as much as the
white. The native carries his wealth
round his neck, the red and white of
his coinage forming a brilliant contrast
to his black skin. A common and curi-
ous sight in the Fiji Islands is a newly
married wife presenting her husband
with a dowry of whales' teeth.

The Indian crocodile is a ferocious
and dangerous animal and causes great
destruction to human life, especially
in lower Bengal.

A man's record is made up chiefly of
what he says.—Galveston News.



SPOILING A HUSBAND.

A HUSBAND can be spoiled by va-
rious methods. He can be so
overwhelmed by a thousand
and-one attentions of love and kindness
on the part of his wife that he accepts
this role of divinity as a matter of
course, and becomes the incarnation of
selfishness; or he can be made to be-
come a nonentity by the overbearing
conduct of a dictatorial wife, who
keeps the reins of government in her
own hands and drives all vestiges of
manhood out of her husband.

The woman who manages to spoil her
husband by the first course of action
does so quite unwittingly. She is usu-
ally a good-hearted, affectionate crea-
ture, who is constantly yearning to dis-
play her love by word and by deed.
Probably before she married she spoil-
ed her brothers by waiting on them hand
and foot. Whether she received their
thanks or not was quite immaterial to
her. During her engagement her dem-
onstrativeness was held in check by
natural maidenly reserve, but once
married, the old instinct asserts itself,
and she instantly sets to work to
squander the wealth of her love by lav-
ishing it upon the object of her affec-
tion.

By degrees the lover-like attentions
of the young husband grow fewer in
number, and colder in proportion.
Whereas before marriage he waited
upon her, anticipating her wishes with
lover-like rapidity, she now waits on
herself. Complete self-effacement
marks her status. The choicest fruit,
the most comfortable chair and the
coziest corner of the room, each is al-
located to the spoiled husband, who ac-
cepts all as a matter of course.

He allows her to fetch and carry for
him, often without a word of thanks.
Truly a spoiled husband, this, and a
spoiled disposition in consequence, which
exerts a potent influence on those with
whom it is brought into contact dur-
ing the routine of daily life. This
might have been otherwise had a lit-
tle common sense and self-restraint on her
part led her to exact her due share of
respect and devotion.

Submits and Then Kicks.
Rev. E. S. Tead, pastor of the Som-
erville, Mass., Congregational Church,
said the ladies of his church should



take their hats off
and, like a good
little wife, Mrs.
Tead sat bare-
headed through
the service on
Sunday. But she
did not like it, and
said, naively: "Of
course I sat bare-
headed through
the service. What
else could I do? I
am the pastor's
wife. I think of
what people would say if I went direct-
ly contrary to Mr. Tead's request. All
the same, I think it's too bad if we are
not to be allowed to wear hats to
church, same's we've always been ac-
customed to."

The Wife's Portion.

It seems to me that no class of wo-
men work as hard as the farmers'
wives. By this I do not mean the
wealthy or even the well-to-do farmer,
but the wife of a man who is doing his
best to get a living and pay for his
home. If the woman is a true help-
mate she will help in a way by being
careful of expenses and see that noth-
ing goes to waste. It is comparatively
easy when there is a limited number
of little folks to be cared for, but the
mother of a large family who is the
wife of a farmer in poor circumstances
has no rest day or night. While the
work is hard the care presses the most
heavily. It seems to me that very few
compared with the many really enjoy
life; they are so dissatisfied with what
they can afford that it takes away the
enjoyment of what they do have. A
very good way is for the woman to
have a certain share of the profits as
her own, to do with as she pleases.
There is no justice in the wife of any
man working hard for the family and
trying to earn her clothes besides.
There is no true wife but earns her sup-
port and should have it. She will also
consider circumstances and guide her-
self accordingly.—Orange Judd Farmer.

What to Expect in a Child's Love.

I do not think we should expect of
children the sort of love of which we
ourselves are capable. The child's love
for the parent and the parent's love for
the child are essentially different, and
we may only arouse a sort of antago-
nism in the young by insisting upon our
right to a self-sacrificing affection. Let
us be content with the sweet depend-
ence, the demonstrative fondness that
is nature's response to our nature-
prompted bestowal of ourselves upon
our children. A degree of sturdy self-
ishness, however, is the prerogative of
healthy childhood, and cannot be re-
garded as altogether blameworthy.

The Woman Who Stoops.

The woman who stoops is rare, thank
goodness, but she does exist as an eye-
sore to beholders and a discomfort to
herself. Weakness of the system is
sometimes responsible for stooping
shoulders, but carelessness is the great
cause. Poring over books, writing for
hours at a time and neglect to aid a
defective vision with glasses are the
main causes.

The cure should begin with the pil-

low. Use one small, flat pillow at night
or dispense entirely with the luxury of
a head rest. Bear the infirmity in mind
and walk erectly and sit with the shoul-
ders where they should be. Expand
the chest and keep the eyes on a level
with people's faces. Practice walking
about the room with a book balanced
on the head and hold the chin up when
reading, with the book placed on a
level with the face. Have the eyes
tested occasionally, and if you need
glasses procure them at once. Often
the trouble is but temporary and the
use of glasses for a few weeks or
months will remedy the eye trouble.

A Heroine.
She rescued Jas. Young at Atlantic
City. To-day she is the heroine of that
city, where policemen take off their
hats to her and people cheer her as she
passes along the street. Frances is
12 years old. She was at the wharf
when, as the result
of bantering by sev-
eral men, James



FRANCES FRENCH, who is aged 14, dove
off the pier. He could not swim, and
called for help. While the men laugh-
ed at him the girl jumped into the
water and brought him ashore uncon-
scious. He was soon revived, and the
first intimation Frances had that she
had done anything wonderful was
when Young's parents and 300 neigh-
bors called on her and made speeches
to her and gave a purse full of gold to
her.

The Wrinkles of Youth.

Note the women you meet each day
and see how many smooth foreheads
you see even on young faces. Almost
all of the wrinkles and puckers are the
result of carelessness—the few excep-
tions are lines caused by pain and suf-
fering. The long, straight lines on the
forehead are caused by the senseless
habit of elevating the eyebrows. That
is supposed to give expression to the
face, when all it really does is to make
ugly lines with which need quantities
of cold cream and gentle massage to
remove. Middle-aged faces are often
marked by lines just over the temples,
while the rest of the face remains
smooth and young looking. They can
be avoided by the exertion of a little
thought, a little care in keeping the
face in repose. And just think how
you can rest the poor, overworked
muscles by allowing the eyes and
mouth to give the necessary expression
and serenity to spread itself over the
remainder of the features.

How Women May Rule.

Among the more delicate weapons
used by women tact is one of the most
effective—the power of listening, of
brightening at the proper moment, and
laughing at the right joke, and of
knowing the exact temper in which a
man is conquerable, and when it is
best to let him alone. A woman who
possesses this weapon generally rules
by that fine instinct which strengthens
her own position by strengthening her
husband's. It is a feminine weapon
guided by a multitude of little wisdoms
and precautions, and by arts as varied
as the sex. It rules a man so gently
that he is kept in constant good humor
with himself; nor is he uncomfortably
conscious that he has laid down all his
own arms before this sheathed sword.
If there be any other weapon equal to
tact for domestic use, it is silence. In
the hour of revolt this force is su-
preme.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Leads an Orchestra.

Miss Viola Sanford, 25 years old, is
the leader of an orchestra of men in
Charleston, S. C. As a young girl she
conducted an or-
chestra of men and
women. At the At-
lanta exposition she
was given a pearl
brooch by the ladies.
She plays for all the
leading dramatic

PICTURE OF INGALLS.

THE BRILLIANT KANSAN MAY RETURN TO CONGRESS.

Pen Picture of the Man Who Leaped from Obscurity to Be the Peer of Conkling and Blaine—Some Interesting Incidents.

The announcement that John J. Ingalls is to re-enter public life and that the halls of Congress may again ring with his eloquence is hailed with pleasure by those who love the brilliant and picturesque statesman. Ingalls supplies both these qualities and should be successfully run for Congress, he would be even a more commanding figure in the lower house than he was in the Senate before William A. Peffer drove him out.

Ingalls' career can be briefly sketched, but the man himself is worthy of extended notice. He was born in Middleton, Mass., in 1833, graduated from Williams College and, after being admitted to the bar, removed to Atchison, Kan. There he at once became a political leader and within three years after locating in the State was a member of the Kansas Senate. Then he took up newspaper work as an editor, ran unsuccessfully for Lieutenant Governor on two occasions and in 1873 was elected to the United States Senate, where he remained eighteen years.

Before his selection for the Senate Ingalls was not known outside his State, but a sensational incident connected with his election gave him national notoriety. Senator Pomeroy was a candidate for re-election. He had several



JOHN J. INGALLS.

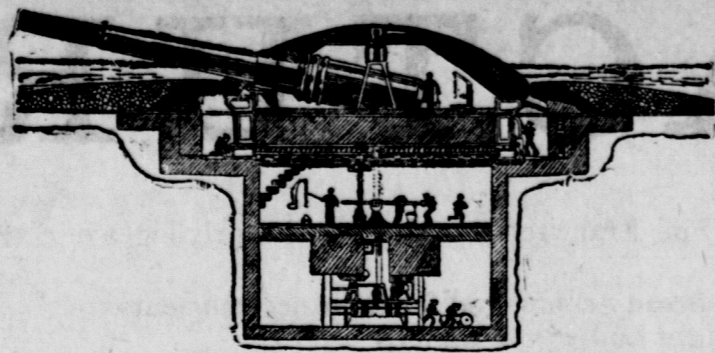
opponents, among whom Ingalls was probably the most inconspicuous. Pomeroy paid a member of the Legislature \$7,000 to vote for him and the next day this member, Senator York, brought the money into the Senate, laid it on the president's desk and said it represented Pomeroy's attempt at bribery. The incident created no end of excitement and Ingalls was elected as a compromise.

Once at Washington Ingalls' natural ability asserted itself and he was soon known as one of the foremost debaters and most brilliant speakers in public life. The brain has been described as "a dynamo of intellectual activity." He became the peer of Conkling and Blaine and through nine Congresses sat as a shining light. He was looked up on as a fixture in the Senate, when the Populist movement swept him out in 1891 and Peffer took his seat. Ingalls, with a comfortable fortune, retired to private life, which he has since enjoyed. His object in life is to get through it with as little personal discomfort as possible, and he is doing that very thing, regardless of criticism, public or individual. He works, travels, lectures, writes, reads, rides or walks as the fancy strikes him. Money's only value is the good or comfort that it may buy for himself or his family, and as the supply seems to be abundant, he spends without stint, buying a horse or letting a contract for a business block with equal indifference. His home in Atchison is a model of elegance, comfort and convenience, and perfect in all its appointments. He lives like a prince, and his family set the pace of the local four hundred.

Dazzling Brilliance. Ingalls has more ideas to the square inch than many of his fellow-politicians have to the square mile, and his vocabulary is equal to Worcester and Webster boiled down and filtered through Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." He is a succession of surprises. He has as many colors as a chameleon, and he puts on a new one every hour. His private conversation is full of meat, and when he talks every sentence makes you think, and every word weighs a pound. He is a man of broad reading, and he draws his illustrations from the antediluvian periods of geology in one sentence, takes a metaphor from a famous English novelist for a second, and in the third, like as not, gives you a bit of the latest slang from the slums.

At first you are dazzled by this flow of words and ideas. You are blinded by his pyrotechnic phrases, and you give him no credit for his genius other than that to the God who made him. As you go on, however, you find that he is one of the hardest workers in public life, and that the vast mental capital which he has to-day has been largely made up by the saving of the intellectual pennies. For the past twenty years he has been making speeches and witty remarks in his study in order that he may deliver them in private conversation or on the stump. Every bright thought and every expression that he has come in contact with has been registered and repolished between the millstones of his brain until it has left its original shape and become a new creature—that of Ingalls alone. He has a peculiar memory in that when he once writes a thing he

THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.



The United States War Department has definitely decided on the introduction of Gruson turrets into the coast defense system of the United States and the first order has actually been given for the mounting of one of these enormous structures in lower New York harbor. The turret in question will be utilized for the protection of the great 16-inch 126-ton gun now nearing completion at the Watervliet arsenal for the United States. This gun when finished will not only be the heaviest gun in the world, but the longest and most powerful gun ever built. It will exceed by several feet in length the great Krupp gun exhibited at the World's Fair in 1893, and in range power will be able to throw its shell fully two miles further than the Krupp monster.

pens it, as it were, on the tablets of his mind, to be left there until occasion shall call it forth. The books he reads are always interlined and filled with marginal notes, and these notes are often finished sentences which he makes thus and lays away for future use. He is a great student of the dictionary. He likes odd words and is always looking for them, and in the making of his speeches, some of his sentences, ordinary at the start, are changed and rechanged until they become oratorical surprises which ring around the world.

Ingalls is not all brains; he has nerve also. When he was a young man and new in Kansas, he was billed to make a speech in Atchison, where he now lives. A party of border ruffians called upon him, and warned him not to speak. They had pistols in their belts, and a rope in their hands, and they swore they would hang him if he said anything against them. Ingalls looked them in the eye and told them to hang. He said that he was billed for a speech, and he was going to make it. He did make it, and that in no measured terms.

At another time Ingalls was sitting one day, eating his dinner at a hotel in Atchison. It was the days of early Kansas, when everyone carried revolvers. A drunken ruffian entered the room. He saw Ingalls, and, pointing a revolver at him, said:

"See here, my boy, they say you are the best speaker in all Kansas. These gentlemen here are my friends, and we want a speech. Now, you get up on that chair and give us a speech, or I'll shoot dead out of you."

The future Senator looked the man straight in the eye, and coolly replied that he did not intend to make a speech for any drunkard. He continued to look at the man, who flourished the pistol and jumped up and down, threatening to kill him. He may have been pale, and his heart must have jumped to his throat, but he did not move. Finally, the man happened to hit the pistol against his boot as he jumped up and down in his rage. It went off, and the ball struck his leg, filling the boot with blood. This sobered him somewhat, and he left the dining-room. Ingalls then went upstairs, brought down his pistol, and laying it beside his plate, went on with his eating. The drunken man was killed that afternoon in an affray which he had on the street.

JAPANESE GIRL AN AUTHOR.

Miss Onoto Watanna and Her Work in the Pulpit.

Miss Onoto Watanna, the young Japanese writer and author of "Miss Nume of Japan," now a resident of Chicago, is as picturesque a character as any in her stories. Small and dark, with the bright black almond-shaped eyes of the Japanese and a mass of willful black hair, she is a study for a painter. In the firm-looking mouth and straight nose a physiognomist might read the resolution which has, at the age of 21, brought her so favorably before the public.

Miss Watanna, after leaving Japan with her English father when a little girl, lived in Toronto, Canada, for a number of years. There the little savage, as she was often called, amused the school children and shocked the teachers with stories largely embellished with a boundless imagination, of the land of her birth. At the age of 17 she went to Jamaica, where she was assistant editor of the News Letter, published in Kingston. Under the pseudonyms of "Busybody" and "Man on the Street" her work attracted much attention in Jamaica. She became a great favorite with the Governor and his wife, Sir Henry and Lady Blake. For a while after leaving Jamaica

Miss Watanna lived with her father's relations in the South, but she grew restive and studied shorthand that she might go out into the world. Chicago was the goal of her ambitions, and soon believing herself an expert stenographer, she sold her bicycle, and with the proceeds arrived at the Polk street depot. She secured a position through a Sunday advertisement for an experienced typewriter and stenographer. The first morning she was installed before the typewriter the girl realized her utter ignorance of the machine. It was all easy enough but making the capital letters; that puzzled her, but the letters were calmly written without a sign of capitalization, and on the manager's astonished inquiry she told him regretfully that the capital was broken. Of course a



ONOTO WATANNA.

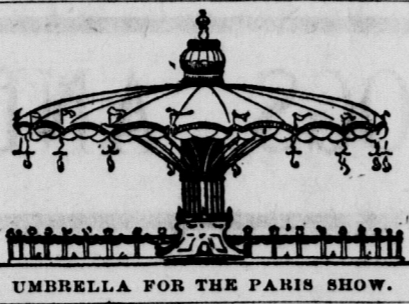
man was sent for to mend the machine, and from him Miss Watanna received her first lesson in typewriting, paying him from her slender purse and swearing him to everlasting secrecy.

Miss Watanna's first Japanese story appeared in the Cincinnati Tribune. It was entitled "A Japanese Girl." Since then many of the leading periodicals have requested stories from her pen. Her work is particularly wholesome and abounds in delightful descriptions of the tropical East.

A BIG UMBRELLA.

It Is to Be One of the Attractions of the Paris Exposition.

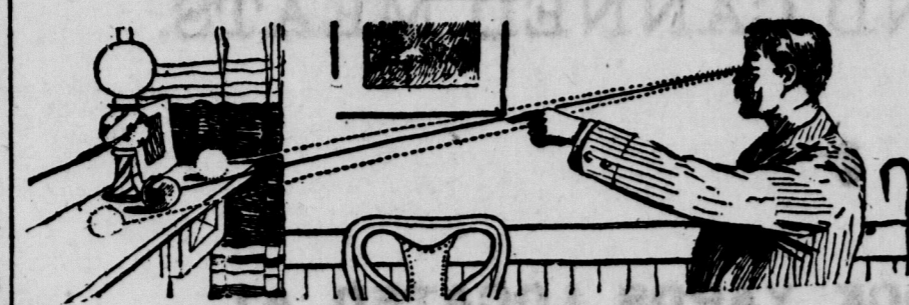
The gigantic umbrella, which is to be one of the greatest attractions at the forthcoming Paris exhibition, will cover a surface of 15,000 square metres in height, and will consist of a hollow metal column 40 metres in diameter at the base. The covering of this wonderful umbrella will have a diameter of 140 metres, and will consist of multi-colored glass, beneath which will be suspended thousands of electric lamps. These when lighted



UMBRELLA FOR THE PARIS SHOW.

up at night will produce a most brilliant and fairy-like effect. The inside of the "stick" will be divided into four stories, three below and one above the covering. On the lower floors there will be a cafe, a concert hall, and a theater. On the fourth story, situated at the top of the umbrella, and forming a cupola, will be a restaurant. The different stories will be reached by comfortable lifts. The idea of this gigantic umbrella emanates from the brain of a woman—Mme. Perchia Giverny, who is an umbrella maker.

WHICH ONE OF YOUR EYES IS THE STRONGER?



Is your right the stronger, or your left eye? You are right-handed; are you also right sighted? Make this test and see. Place an object of about two inches in diameter, perfectly round, on a level with your eyes and move back from it to a distance of ten feet. Then take sight over your forefinger until the objective point and the tip of the finger are exactly in line with the eye from which you are sighting. Now open the other eye. With both your eyes open has the objective point moved to one side? If not the eye with which you first sighted is the stronger, since the addition of the other's vision does not divert the complete vision from the original focus of the one eye. If the objective does move to one side it proves that the weaker eye has done the first sighting, which the stronger eye has diverted as soon as it has opened.

Perhaps there is very little difference in your eyes. Take sight as before, but with both eyes open. Now close the left eye. How far out of line is the right eye? Now take sight again with both eyes open. Close your right eye. How far out of line is the left eye? Whichever is the farther out in these two tests is the weaker eye. If you are strongly right-eyed the right eye will hold firmly to the objective point which has been focused by both eyes together when it is left to view the objective alone. If you are strongly left-eyed, vice versa.

RATTLES FOR BABIES.

THEY, LIKE ATTIRE, ARE AFFECTED BY FASHIONS.

Thousands of Varieties of the Infant's Indispensable Toy—Prices Range from Two Cents Up to Thirty-five Dollars—Young Man's Confession.

"Give me a baby's rattle, please," said the young man bashfully, as he deposited a dollar bill on the counter of a Sixth avenue fancy store.

"Any particular kind or style?" inquired the salesman, indicating the shelves back of him, on which appeared hundreds and hundreds of articles beautifully, wonderfully, queerly, fearfully wrought.

"Great Jupiter! Is there more than one kind or style?" returned the young man, surveying the jumbled display with every evidence of dismayed astonishment.

"Just about one thousand," answered the salesman, calmly. "There is hardly a limit to the styles and the variety of materials now used for the baby's rattles. The old tin rattle, probably associated with your infancy, is still made in the two familiar styles—one shaped like a diminutive bass drum, with the handle soldered to the rim, the other shaped like a section of a cylinder, headed at both ends, with a whistle at the end of the handle.

"Celluloid rattles are made in a great variety of shapes, such as tambourines and drums, with tiny bells attached. Some of them are very cheap; others are very expensive. Then there is a confusing variety of bone rattles and combinations of bones and metal. As for the rubber rattles and the variety of styles we handle, there is no end of them. Many rattles come in the shape of cloth figures, with handles to them, the extended arms of the figures holding in each hand a small bell or one of a pair of cymbals.

"In musical rattles some beautiful things are made. Usually they consist of a doll's head and body with a handle attached. The body of the doll contains a musical box, and when the doll is twisted around the handle some lively or soothing air designed to please the infant ear is ground off. For the exercise of the baby's own musical talent there is usually a whistle in the handle. Several kinds of musical rattles, with the dolls gayly clad in bright colored satins and silks, are really delightful and interesting toys.

"An old-fashioned rattle whose popularity has survived the mutations of time and the vicissitudes of fashion is the light, pear-shaped article of basket work. Inside of many of this type are tiny sleigh bells. In some of the rattles made of a combination of materials the metal used is aluminum, which is employed because of its extreme lightness.

Just now fashion seems to decree that the silver rattle shall reign—for fashion dominates this nursery accessory as well as the baby's apparel—and a number of styles are to be had. Some have ivory, pearl or celluloid rings, with silver bells attached. Others are made entirely of silver. Then the market is flooded with silver dumbbells and silver trumpets, with silver bells attached. The prices of silver rattles vary almost as much as the styles, and some of them do not cost as much as you might think. Gold rattles are also made in some variety, but the predominating style calls for a pearl handle, a gold whistle at the end of the handle and a cluster of tiny gold bells attached to the head."

"What do babies' rattles cost?" ventured the young man, visibly impressed and awed by the salesman's discourse.

"Anywhere from two cents to \$35," was his reply. "The old-fashioned tin rattle fetches the minimum price, and the most costly silver or gold rattle the maximum. If you want something finer—"

"Gee whiz!" murmured the young man, breaking for the door, "I guess I'll let the baby's mother attend to this deal."

Topics of the Times

Extensive deposits of Bauxite, one of the main sources of commercial aluminum, have been discovered in New South Wales by the department of mines.

A toboggan slide in St. Moritz, Switzerland, extends three-quarters of a mile, and is said to be the longest in the world. The descent has been made in seventy-one seconds.

An organized effort is being made to stamp out consumption in Germany by scientific methods of treatment. Already twenty sanatoria for patients have been opened and others are to be provided.

In the past five months fifty new cotton mills have been built or projected in the Southern States involving an outlay of \$11,500,000, and thirty-nine old mills are making improvements at a cost of \$5,600,000.

There are not far from 130,000,000 Mussulmans under British power, making Great Britain the greatest Mohammedan power on earth. About 30,000,000 of these are in India and the bulk of the rest are in Africa.

Eighty-four per cent. of the entire State of Idaho is still public land, amounting to more than 44,000,000 acres. Of this area it has been estimated by the government geological survey that 7,000,000 acres can be irrigated successfully.

A German officer has invented a lamp for use in war time, which can be carried in a soldier's knapsack without

adding much to the weight. It is supplied with acetylene gas and is designed for use on the battlefield to assist the search for wounded.

An examination of the books of the Cincinnati Gas Company is said to have disclosed the fact that the by-products of the gas works, chief of which is coke, pay the entire expense of manufacture and that any price received for gas is clear profit.

Barcelona is to have a national exhibition of coal and its products. It appears that Spain imported last year 1,036,000 tons of coal, although the native product amounted to 3,309,000 tons. It is believed that in a few years there will be more importations.

The Paris fire department has been provided with an electric wagon, which will carry eleven persons in addition to a supply of ropes and ladders. The vehicle was recently tested with a load of passengers and equipment and succeeded in maintaining a speed of fifteen miles per hour.

A chemical and pharmaceutical laboratory has been established at Rajkote, Western India. Its object is to improve the practice of native medicine, and to make known to western science the valuable Indian remedies, as well as the possibilities of yet unfamiliar native herbs.

Greek divers have discovered treasure in a Russian flagship sunk in Greek waters in 1770. Gold coins to the value of \$55,000 have already been recovered and the divers report great stores of silver and jewels which the storms of a century have washed out from the bulk of the old wreck.

Dr. Felix Brunet, a surgeon of the French navy, has perfected a means of removing tattoo marks. Many who bear these marks grow tired of them, and, with advancing years, desire their removal, but, heretofore, they have found it expensive and difficult to do so, and in some cases ordinary methods fail altogether.

Frank Winn, of Worcester, Mass., has invented a typewriter that prints the music, the lines of the staff, notes and all, and makes as clear a copy as if it came from a lithographic stone. The machine is like a type-writer in appearance. It has forty-four keys, thirty-five for notes and nine for the Arabic numerals.

Berlin's police reserves were all called out early one morning not long ago by a telegram received the night before stating that there would be a general strike of street car employees next day and signed by an inspector. The telegram turned out to be a forgery, but no one seems to have thought of trying to verify the information during the night.

The funds invested so far in the Paris Exposition amount to \$7,600,000. Of this sum \$5,600,000 has been paid away during the present year. The Paris municipality has contributed \$2,400,000 of the \$4,000,000 promised by the city and \$500,000 has been supplied by the Western of France railway and other various undertakings. The state has contributed \$1,300,000 and has agreed to pay it \$1,400,000 more before the end of 1899.

Rosa Bonheur just before her death put her foot down on a scheme of the woman agitators to make use of her fame for their own ends. The picture she sent to this year's salon was the first she had exhibited in many years. The "femininists" thereupon assailed the jury with demands that the "medal of honor" should be awarded to her because she was a woman. The artist wrote a note to the jury forbidding the use of her name, "as it would be ridiculous that the insignificant picture I exhibit this year should receive so high an honor."

Professor Dewar, whose success in liquefying hydrogen and other gases startled the scientific world, has made another discovery which may be of the most wide-reaching importance. It is a new process of casting steel, by which he says the metal will be rendered much harder and stronger than by present processes. The principal feature of the process is that the metal is to be cast in a vacuum. If the plan can be successfully adopted it is said "the air bubbles that now cause flaws and weakness will be done away with and a metal will result such as the world has never seen."

Remembered One Thing. In the course of a tedious trial, involving the possession of a stock of goods, a man who had formerly been employed as a traveling salesman was testifying.

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked the attorney for the plaintiff, "that you can't remember what you carried in your valise on the trip in question?" "I didn't say I couldn't remember," replied the witness. "I said that at this late day it was impossible for me to recollect everything I carried on that particular trip."

"Don't evade the question, sir!" thundered the attorney. "I want to know what was in that valise!"

"Samples."

"Samples of what? Mention some particular thing."

"Well," said the witness, after reflecting a moment, "I remember I had a sample of a rather inferior hair-dye, about the sort, I judge, that you have on your whiskers, sir."

"You may stand aside!" gruffly said the lawyer, after the noise in the courtroom had subsided.—Youth's Companion.

A Back Number. "Is that new novel up to date?"

"No. The heroine plays Schubert's 'Serenade'—not a word about rag time in the whole book."—Chicago Record.

The worst that can be said of little vices is that they won't stay little.

Women in politics are about as graceful as hens in swimming.



Every young man who has a civil war veteran for a father will appreciate the revenge which Lieut. Callahan, of the Twentieth Kansas, is looking forward to. Writing to his venerable paternal ancestor at Junction City, the lieutenant says: "I will have grand army tales that will make you turn green with envy. I have lots to tell you and you will have to listen to my tales of war as I have listened to yours in years gone by."

Of the several hundred Hobson, Sampson, Dewey, Schley and other war hero souvenirs that have been sent to the president only three have been retained in the president's room. Every manufacturer of a toy novelty that is based on one of the famous men of the late war sends a sample of his product to the president, with the result that during the past few months enough pictures, pencils, knives, statuettes, badges, inkstands and other trifles turned out in commemoration of incidents of the Spanish war have been delivered at the white house to stock a small store. The great bulk of these is carted up to the spacious garret, which is the storeroom of many a gift intended for the personal use of the president. In the cabinet room, however, three Dewey relics have found resting places. One is a good photograph of the Dewey bust, being about thirty inches square.

According to Inspector General Breckinridge, who has recently returned from Cuba and Porto Rico, the sense of moral responsibility of the average Cuban is extremely limited. This was strongly impressed upon him one day at a military station near Santiago. A gang of bandits had been rounded up by the troops, and with them a dozen horses stolen from a plantation in the vicinity. The general took a look at the prisoners and noticed among them a man who appeared to belong to a better class than his companions. He was called forward and through an interpreter the general questioned him.

"How did you get mixed up in this?" asked the inspector general.

"I had nothing to do with the affair," was the reply. "I am the school teacher in the district where these men live and I give them advice. I give every one advice who comes for it."

"But," suggested the officer who accompanied Gen. Breckinridge, "that fellow told the robbers to cut off the hand of the owner of the horses."

"Ask him why he made such a malignant suggestion," said the general to the interpreter.

The question was put and the school teacher shrugged his shoulders. "The 'cacique' does not understand," he said. "It was I who saved the proprietor's life. These men came to me with him and said: 'He will not pay us what we demand. Shall we kill him?' Then, as they asked me for advice, I said: 'No, do not kill him. Cut off one hand; he will pay you then.' They did as I advised, the money was paid and I saved the man's life. There is surely nothing malignant about that. I am his friend."—Washington Star.

A GUN IN THE PULPIT.

Colored Preacher Who Keeps a Loaded Shotgun by His Side.

The Rev. George W. Kincald, a colored preacher of Pittsburg, Pa., is a dead sure shot with a gun and when he goes south into what is called the "black belt" to preach he keeps a load-



PROTECTS HIMSELF WHEN PREACHING.

ed shotgun beside him in the pulpit. The Rev. Mr. Kincald is an ardent supporter of the rights of his race, and for this reason he has been several times assaulted by a mob of white men.

High Life Among the Birds. Sparrow—Old Bluebird looks bluer than ever this morning. Wife got in a pet, and went off and left him, I suppose.

Tom Tit—Yes; but she'll never get in another.

Sparrow—How's that? Tom Tit—Miss Jones' tabby cat has just swallowed her.—Harper's Bazar.

Everyone is at least this mean: if he pays tax on his dog, he wants other people to pay on their dogs.

Glue may be obtained from pigs' feet and sugar from a hogs-head.

The egotist naturally leads a lonely life.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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